THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE STATELY SHANNON.

Miss Banim Still Dwells Eloquently on the Glories and Beauties of Limerick and Her Noble River.

How the Name Was Given to the "Fair Citie," Which Sarsfield so Well Defended.

LIMERICK.

Mrs. Mac's potatoe store is at a corner. As we turn that corner we see Mrs. Mac and the neighboring women smiling their farewells. And now a few steps and we are at the entrance gates of the old Limerick Cathedral, founded in 1194 by Donald O'Brien, on the site of the palace of the O'Briens, Kings of Thomond, or North Munster. At the present day the venerable cathedral is in the possession of the Protestants of Limerick, and the stranger who wishes to visit the church need have no difficulty in doing so, for the sexton is there every day ready to open the gates, and, with kindly manner, show the place to visitors. The grounds, though small, are charming and are beautifully cared for, the sod close cut and green as even our island can toast; while, through gaps cut here and there in the trees and flowering shrubs are glimpses of the old town and the new and of the ever flowing Shannon.

In the church entrance we stop a moment to look at the old stone lintels, and note the marks left thereon, where Cromwell's soldiers sharpened their weapons. Hanging above the doorway of what was once a side chapel are several of the canon balls used in the sieges of Limerick.

THE CATHEDRAL

is solemn and has a certain degree of the stately beauty always found in ancient Gothic churches, although, in the many restorations it has undergone, and during its occupation by soldiery after the sieges of Limerick, much of the original ornamentation has disappeared. There are yet to be seen many interesting moral ornaments, and, imbedded in the pavement, the stone lid of thecoffin of King Donald O'Brien, founder of the cathedral. But the great charm of the old place lies in the wonderful panorama seen from the summit of its tower, where one can spend hour after hour gazing at the lovely landscape, and, at the same time, conning over the whole history of Limerick that lies like an open book below. It is as if one has but to turn over leaf after leaf of the old chronicles.

The tower is a square, every side battlemented, with a little turret rising above each corner, and these turrets, looking respectively north, south, east and west, frame—in each direction—a separate and distinct portion of the city and country, every portion with its story, set out as if written and pictured on a vast map; for near and far stand

LANDMARKS,

points of interest in the details of the stirring history of the place. And, apart even from the historical interest, the scenes are so fair in themselves that there is an irresistible attraction in watching, from that quiet spot on the church tower the thousand beauties that every varying light reveals in air and sky, in hills and valleys, and in the wild Shannon that rolls on below, just as in the ages long past.

Here, then, from our standpoint on the old Cathedral tower, is the place of all others to glance at the story of this ancient city, a story that carries one back to a very early date, for in the Psalter of Cashel mention is made of the name of Luimneach so far back as the year A.M. 2870. This was the ancient name of the Shannon, and was applied to that portion of the river which flows from where the city now stands to the sea, and so it continued to be called until the year A.D. 861, from which time the name of Luimneach was given only to the fort and settlement of the Northmen (on the site of which stands part of old Limerick town), while the name of the river was changed to that of Shannon. There are various opinions as to the origin of the word Luimneach, or Limerick. I give a legend which was translated from an ancient Irish MS by the late Prof. O'Curry for Mr. Maurice Lenihan's use; it is preserved in the Books of Lecan and Ballymote:

"LUIMNEACH."

"A dialogue takes place in which, in reply to the question, 'Luimneach, why so called?' the following answer is given: There was an appointed meeting held here of the men of Munster and the men of Connacht, to which the respective kings of both parties brought their gladiators. These were the two sons of Smucaille, the son of Baedbh, and their names were Rinn and Teabhar (that is, Spear and Sword). Of these champions one put himself under the protection of Bomhbd Dearg (Bone the Red), the great Tuath Dedanaan Chief of Mag Fermen in Tipperary; and the other had taken the protection of Dehail, chief of the Hill of Crudchain (in Roscommon). These champions, having met in the assembly, exhibited specimens of their gladiatorial accomplishments, after which they descended to the strand to compete in single combat for the championship of the two provinces. The hosts on both sides were clad in grey-green 'luimins' (cloaks), and when the combat commenced, and the assembled crowds pressed down to see and enjoy it, the heat became so great that they threw off their 'luimins' in heaps on the strand, and so intently was their attention engaged by the combatants that they did not perceive the flowing of the tide until it had swept them away, upon which some of the spectators cried out—'Is Luimenchola m tinbhear anosa,' i.e. 'cloaky or cloakful is the river now,' hence the name Luimneach."

The present name of the river is probably derived from that of Saint Sinan (pronounced in Irish Sheenaun), who in the fifth century founded a monastery on Inuis Cathy (Scattery Island) near the mouth of the Shannon.

I never liked and never had any faith in there being even a foundation stone for that legend of

"SAINT SENANUS AND THE LADY"

which Moore translated from the Latin; there is something so strangely un-Irish about it, and it was a great relief to my mind to learn in Limerick the real tradition. Before Saint Sinan went with his holy brethren to found a monastery on Inuis Cathy the island was ravaged by a monster in the shape of a huge cat, and from this fact the place took its name—innis, an island; cath, a cat. The Saint banished the monster into the sea, and it never more troubled the blessed land where the monks dwelt henceforth in peace. One rule of the Order was that none but men should set foot on the island, and from this regulation, and the banishment of the cath, or cat, by Saint Sinan, some stranger fabricated his un Irish legend, Cath, Irish for cat, and Cauth, Irish for Catherine, being pronounced almost alike.

The building of Limerick city is attributed to the Northmen, or Danes, as they are commonly called in this country. For some time after their first invasion of Ireland, A.D. 795, these Northmen did not settle in Munster, but from their ships anchored in the river Luimneach made excursions into the country, which they plundered and devastated. It was not until about the middle of the ninth century that this people, seeing the great natural advantages of the place, erected a settlement on Inis Sibtonn (now known as King's Island), where they erected a fortress which they called Luimneach, naming it from the river flowing by. Around this fortress a city grew up, and on the foundations of that Danish city, commenced more than a thousand years ago, stands the present "English town" of Limerick. Wherever this restless, ubiquitous race made their new homes they immediately erected the Hof, or temple. In the Hof, in a half circle, stood the images of the gods, and before them was the altar. On the altar lay the holy ring on which all solemn oaths were sworn; the blood-bowl containing the blood of the victims, and the blood twig with which the worshippers were sprinkled. * * * * Soon after the Northmen settled at Limerick, Ompilie became their chief. In all probability where now stands St. Mary's Cathedral his temple stood." (See F. Lee's learned article on "The Northmen of Limerick," in Journal of the Royal Hibernian and Archæological Association of Ireland.)

THE POSITION OF LIMERICK

rendered it peculiarly valuable to a people like the Northmen, who were not only great sea rovers and daring adventurers known and feared in almost every land in Europe, but were also an enterprising, commercial people. A city fifty miles inland, yet on the very banks of a tidal river, so wide and deep as to be navigable up to the very house doors, as it were, offered the peculiar advantages of a capital in the midst of a rich and fertile land, whence they could have easy access to the inland districts, yet have their ships of war or of commerce within reach.

Had the Danes simply come to trade peacefully with the native Irish of Munster it is probable the latter would early have amalgamated with them; for we find that when Mahon, son of Kennedy, and subsequently his brother Brian Boru, had reduced their power and forced them to pay tribute to and acknowledge the sovereignty of the Kings of Thomond, Brian allowed the foreigners to live on peaceably as merchants trading with the Irish and with the people of other countries. "They traded with their kindred of Norway and Ireland." In the "Londnama" we have a most interesting reference to a Limerick Northman called Raun Hlimreks Fari. It tells us that Ari, an Icelaner, was cast on the shores of the Whitemen's land. "It is situated in the Western Ocean, near the good Winland. Here Ari, not being permitted to return, was detained and baptised. This was first related by Rafin, the Limerick merchant, who had resided many years in Limerick." (Rev. F. Lee's "Northmen of Limerick.") After the final overthrow of the Danish power at the battle of Clontarf, A.D. 1014, and their subsequent conversion to Christianity, the Northmen lived among and to some extent intermarried with the Irish; even to this day a few of their descendants yet live in Limerick. But in their time of strength the Danes were ever cruel, impacable, barbarous; "and nowhere," says a historian, "were they more hated than in the neigaborhood of the Shannon," where their plunderings, burnings, and cruelties caused incessant wars between them and the Irish until the Limerick chieftain and king subdued them for ever.—*Mary Banim in Dublin Freeman*

PERSONAL.

Rev. Hugh Brady, of the diocese of Kilmore, county Cavan, Ireland; the Rev. Father Henry, of St. Louis, and Miss Lizzie Farrell, Miss Annie McCormick and Mr. Bernard O'Farrell, of Dubuque, Ia., called upon Mr. and Mrs. James Traynor during the week.

Mr. Roger Vail, of Minneapolis, than whom few Catholic laymen could be found better equipped for the work, has been doing yeoman service of late in defending the Catholic church from the venomous attacks of the Methodist ministers assembled in convention in that city. Mr. Vail is always ready and more than willing to fight the battles of Faith and Fatherland.

A MIRROR of frontier life and warfare, "Warpath and Bivouac," by John F. Finerty.

FATHER C. P. MEEHAN.

A Charming Sketch of this Famous Irish Scholar and Historian.

BY MICHAEL MACDONOUGH.

PART II.

FATHER MEEHAN AS POET AND POLITICIAN

Father Meehan was ordained in Rome 1835, and was called immediately to the metropolitan archdiocese by Archbishop Murray, with the exception of the few first months at Rathdrum. Father Meehan spent the fifty-six years of his mission as a priest in the parish of SS. Michael and John, Dublin. He was appointed as curate to that parish in 1835, and as a curate he died there on the 14th of March, 1890. What a change has come over Ireland in that fifty six years! What great and momentous events have been crowded into them. Father Meehan was in his 30th year and in the seventh of his sacred ministry when the *Nation* was founded by Duffy, Davis and Dillon, in 1843. An exquisite, touching and graceful poem which Father Meehan sent to the *Nation*, led to his introduction to the Young Irelanders, and to his sharing with them their political as well as literary labors. "Boyhood's Years" is the title, and it worthily finds a place in Hayes's splendid collection of Irish ballads, from which I quote it:

Ah! why should I recall them—the gay, the joyous years,
Ere hope was cross'd or pleasure dimm'd by sorrow and by tears?
Or why should mem'ry love to trace youth's glad and sunlit way
When those who made its charms so sweet are gather'd to decay?
The summer sun shall come again to brighten hill and bower—
The teeming earth its fragrance bring beneath the balmy shower;
But all in vain will mem'ry strive, in vain we shed our tears—
They're gone away and can't return, the friends of boyhood's years!

Ah! why then wake my sorrow, and bid me still count o'er
The vanished friends so dearly prized—the days to come no more—
The happy days of infancy, when no guile our bosoms knew,
Nor reck'd we of the pleasures that with each moment flew?
'Tis all in vain to weep for them—the past a dream appears;
And where are they—the lov'd, the young, the friend's of boyhood's years?

Go seek them in the cold churchyard—they long have stol'n to rest;
But do not weep, for their young cheeks by woe were ne'er oppressed;
Life's sun for them in splendor set—no cloud came o'er the ray
That lit them from this gloomy world upon their joyous way.
No tears about their graves be shed—but sweetest flowers be flung,
The fittest offering thou canst make to hearts that perish young—
To hearts this world has never torn with racking hopes and fears;
For bless'd are they who pass away in boyhood's happy years!

Father Meehan's duties as a priest, and the opinions entertained at the time by high ecclesiastical authorities in the Metropolitan See, prevented him taking that prominent part in the political movement of Young Ireland which he, without doubt, desired. He was a member of the Repeal Association, and when the famous secession of the Young Irelanders took place on the moral versus physical force question, he wrote to the secretary remonstrating against the boycotting and slanderous treatment the *Nation* was receiving at the hands of the dependents of O'Connell, and the forced retirement of Smith O'Brien from the association, and, as a result, was informed that, "as he did not acquiesce in the principles on which the association was based," he had ceased to be a member. Like many another prominent man at the time, he got short shrift from John, the son of the Liberator. Sir Charles Gavan Duffy also tells us in his "Young Ireland" that "two metropolitan priests, Father Meehan and Dr. O'Carroll, vehemently defended the Young Irelanders and the *Nation* from the charge of indifference in religion." These seem to be the only two occasions on which Father Meehan issued from the calm and quietude of his study to join in the turbulent political discussions of that stormy period.

FATHER MEEHAN AND JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

At the solicitation, of Gavan Duffy he undertook to write a history of the Confederates of Kilkenny for the "Library of Ireland." It was published in 1846, and a charming work it is on the eventful Catholic Rebellion of 1641. There are few readers of the *Freeman* who are not familiar with the fact that the warmest feelings of affection united Mangan and Father Meehan; that his last hours in the Meath Hospital were brightened by the ministerial and loving attention of Father Meehan, and that Father Meehan never missed an opportunity during the forty years he survived his beloved and genius gifted friend of vindicating and honoring the memory of one of Ireland's greatest poets. All this is well known, but it is not so well known that a biographical sketch of Father Meehan formed one of a series of "Sketches and Reminiscences of Irish Writers" which were contributed by Mangan to the *Irishman* newspaper in 1849, a few months before his sad end. I quote an extract from that biographical sketch. It has a two fold interest first, for the quaint reflections of Mangan on Irish history, and secondly for his criticism of the History of the Confederation of Kilkenny, Mangan says:

"Mr. Meehan's 'History of the Confederation of Kilkenny' is a remarkable work, highly interesting, abounding in life, crowded with incident, perfect in its general conception, and vigorous and animated in its style. I confess that personally I myself do not care much about the political history of my unfortunate country. Successful revolutions I like well enough to read of, but failures and defeat are matters too disagreeable for me to contemplate. The shy and shabby character of our petty pike, poker, and pitch fork rebellions is a thing that I cannot away with. As a matter of course I was, therefore, really altogether ignorant of the fact that a confederation had ever existed in Kilkenny until I met with Mr. Meehan's admirable volume. I had, however, scarcely perused half a dozen pages of that volume before I became deeply absorbed by the interest which the progress of the narrative excited. I have since spoken of it to several persons who had seen it, and all agreed with me in my opinion of it. It is, in truth, a masterly work—bold, comprehensive, lucid, discursive, and above all suggestive. It opens up new fields of thought and transports you to a California in the territory of Irish history. It is a golden book and should be in the hands and hearts of every Irishman who has a soul to lament the wrongs and sufferings of his country."

The next book published by Father Meehan was "The Geraldines"—a translation of a work published in Latin at Lisbon, in 1655, by Dominicus O'Daly, who is described in the title page of the original as "Censor of the Supreme Court of the Inquisition, formerly Visitor General in the kingdom of Portugal, and now Vicar General and Founder of the Irish Convents of the Dominican Order in Portugal." This book was issued by James Duffy in 1847. Father Meehan's other great historical work is "The Rise and Fall of the Irish Franciscan Monasteries, and Memoirs of the Irish Hierarchy in the Seventeenth Century." It is very popular, and has run through many editions. Father Meehan was a constant contributor of prose sketches and reviews for many years to the *Nation*. He edited some of James Duffy's magazines, and was literary adviser and reader for that firm, by whom all his works were published. His edition of Mangan's "Bards of Munster," with its very interesting sketch of the unfortunate poet, deserves mention for its merits; and he also published a translation from the Italian of Marchese's "Lives of the most eminent Painters, Sculptors, and Architects of the Order of St. Dominic." Father Meehan was an ardent admirer of the Italian literature, particularly Dante; and Mangan tells us he often heard him say that he thought in Italian.

FATHER MEEHAN'S "ATTIC."

Father Meehan as a host was most hospitable and most entertaining. His "attic" (as he loved to call it) in the big brick parochial house attached to SS. Michael and John's—dark, gloomy, shut into a narrow lane by houses towering high opposite it—has been visited during the fifty six years he occupied it by thousands, many of whom have made great names for themselves in Irish history, Irish art, and Irish literature. The invitation to the visitor to "take a bit of dinner" was inevitable, and during the meal the host poured forth without the stint the rich treasures of his mind. He delighted in telling anecdotes of the Young Irelanders, and especially of Mangan; and his criticisms on Irish literature, past and present—on Irish men and women of the day and of yesterday, were deep, brilliant, fearless, and, when he deemed it necessary, sarcastic. His room was most interesting for the books, prints, original letters, and newspaper cuttings it contained. His Irish prints and portraits, and his communications from eminent Irish women and men ought to be secured by the Royal Irish Academy or the National Gallery for the nation. He was a most indefatigable collector of portraits of the statesmen, ecclesiastics, and soldiers of those eras of Irish history of which he was such an ardent student, and many a valuable gift of this kind, purchased by his own scanty purse, he conferred on the National Portrait Gallery. His scrap-book, which occupied a prominent position on a side table in the room, is almost of priceless value. It contains the cream of Irish journals and magazines for the past half century; a most interesting collection of letters, and the MSS. of many of the best poems in the literature of our country. Of one treasure Father Meehan was particularly proud. It is the last letter written by Thomas D'Arcy Magee, before he was stricken down by the bullet of an assassin in the streets of Ottawa, April 7, 1868. Father Meehan was deeply attached to D'Arcy Magee. He read of the murder in the daily papers with profound grief, and a few days subsequently the post brought him the letter from the poet written only three days previous to his tragic end. Enclosed in the letter was an able plea for the legislative independence of Ireland, addressed to Lord Mayo, who was Chief Secretary at the time.

MANGAN'S PORTRAIT OF FATHER MEEHAN.

Up to a few months ago, when he became too feeble to go out, Father Meehan was a familiar figure in the streets of Dublin, through which he loved to roam at least once a week. He was a little man with a red cheery face, which had just the most latent suspicion of the choleric. Here is his portrait from the pen of Mangan. It could not have been drawn by a more notable artist in words:

"The disposition and temper of Mr. Meehan are lively, quick, and bordering on choleric. His Milesian blood courses rather too hotly through his veins. He is carried away by impulse, and suffers himself to float without rudder or oar upon the tide of that sentiment that sways him for the moment. But he is a man of a lofty and generous nature. Anything like hypocrisy is as alien from his heart and soul as the snake is from his native land. He needs no sounding board under the feet of his mind, either to deliver his sentiments or transmit his fame to after ages. Many a writer of the present day who has managed to get and keep hold of the uppermost button in the paletot of the public, is by a long chalk his inferior both as an author and as a man. Of unintellectual trickery and sleight of hand he understands nothing. He is a genuine human being, not a mere make-believe, a bundle of old clothes, with a mop head at the top of them."

That was as true of Father Meehan in his 78th year as it was in his 38th, no doubt. He sleeps now, after his long life, in Glasnevin Cemetery, among many of his devoted friends, literary and political. May he rest in peace!—*Dublin Nation.*

ROMAN ECHOES.

Holy Week in the Eternal City—The Constantine Basilica.

Special Services for the English-Speaking Colony.

(*Roman Cor. Liverpool Catholic Times.*)

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION.

The Rev. D. Giacomo Bertini-Morini, vice-rector of the seminary, who, as stated last week, was stabbed in returning home on a recent evening, is, I am happy to state, considerably better, and may be expected to recover. His would be assassin has been captured as well as two accomplices. Their motive for the crime has, I believe, not yet been discovered. The *Tribuna*, a noted anti Christian journal of Rome, in relating the sad occurrence, made the following felicitous remark: "The goodness and virtues of the victim make one forget his cloth and his principles." The indignation at the murderous assault at Leghorn was very great, the vice-rector being extremely beloved for his holiness of life by his fellow-citizens.

CHURCH OF ST. SILVESTRO.

The debt on the English church of St. Silvestro, has been reduced to 10,000 lire, 5,000 of which the good Fathers of the Pious Society of Missions hope to clear off by means of a lottery, which has been got up by some kind friends of the church, and principally by the exertions of a lady, whose name is well known in Rome in connection with almost every work of zeal and piety that goes on in the city. The prize of the lottery consists of a superb oxidized silver statue of Our Lady, two and a half feet high, mounted on a crimson plush stand, a personal gift to the Holy Father, to whom it was presented on the occasion of his jubilee. This circumstance will make people more than usually anxious to possess the statue, which is not without considerable merit as a work of art.

THE PAPAL COURT.

On Monday the Holy Father celebrated mass in his private chapel, and gave holy communion to the secular members of the noble pontifical court, according to custom, to fulfil their Easter obligations. On Tuesday, the last of the Lenten course of sermons was delivered in the Vatican, in the presence of the supreme pontiff, attended by all the different members of his august court. On Thursday morning his Holiness celebrated mass in his private chapel, assisted by Mgr. Cassetta, secret almoner; Mgr. Pifferi, sacristan; and Mgr. Sinistri, prefect of the pontifical ceremonies. The ecclesiastics of the noble court of his Holiness assisted and received from his august hands the blessed Eucharist, in fulfilmen of the pascal precept.

THE CAUSE OF THE VENERABLE ANDREW HUBERT FOURNET.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites has lately published a decree in connection with the beatification and canonization of the Venerable Andrew Hubert Fournet, founder of the Congregation of the Daughters of the Cross, which gives an affirmative answer to the following proposition: "An constet de validitate et relevantis Pictaviensi in Urbe constructi super Fama Sanctitatis vitae, Virtutum et Miraculorum in genere praefati Ven. Servi Dei in casu, et ad effectum de quo agitur?" The affirmative decision has been ratified and confirmed by his Holiness.

HOLY WEEK IN ROME.

Twenty years have now passed and gone since the Eternal City was the scene of those almost enrapturing ceremonies of Holy Week, carried out with all the pomp and majestic solemnity of which the pontifical court is capable, which, as year after year went by, attracted such vast multitudes from far and wide, from every quarter of the civilized globe to one common centre to witness a sight which here alone in all the length or breadth of the world could be seen; and when once seen could never be forgotten by the beholder for the rest of his life. All now is changed. That marvelous and imposing pomp and splendor of the Court of Rome has been swept away by the sacrilegious hand of the revolution and its votaries. The Court of Rome remains, it is true, but that splendor and pomp which attracted all who could possibly get to Rome for Holy Week has departed, who can tell when to return! But for all that, the one topic of the week absorbing the interest of all, regardless of religion or nationality, was the Holy Week ceremonies, especially in the grand old basilicas, which, up to the present at least, have escaped the fell hand of the vandal usurpers. The ceremonies, of course, are always the same in themselves, only carried out with greater or less degrees of solemnity and precision in the various churches.

THE GRAND OLD CONSTANTINE BASILICA

of St. John Lateran, naturally attracted perhaps the greater numbers, especially of those who had experienced the excellency of the choir there, of which Prof. Moreschi is, without any exaggeration, the shining star; and he certainly made the greatest effect on Good Friday at the singing of the Miserere, when he might be said to have not only surpassed all his peers, but it would not be too much to say that it would be exceedingly difficult to find a soprano to compete with him at present in the singing world for the exquisite sweetness and full richness of his strong clear voice. St. Peter's, however, was well attended, as it always is, but particularly on Maundy Thursday evening when they have the unique and interesting ceremony, after the Tenebrae, of washing the pontifical altar, beneath the confession, with a mixture of wine and balsam. All the canons and dignitaries of the basilica being furnished with a kind of brush or mop made of shavings fastened on a handle, proceed, brush in hand, from the chapel of the choir, where they sing the Tenebrae, to the high altar, seniores priorez, and spread some of the mixture over the table of the altar, unus post alium, returning in procession to the spacious and magnificent sacristy which would make a very cathedral to many a diocesan town and one to be proud of. Here begins the rush of the motley congregation, all curious and eager to possess one of these quaint instruments, both on account of the strangeness of the thing in itself, and also as a souvenir of the unique function and the basilica, at last, not least, of their visit to the Eternal City. The poor canons are literally besieged and perhaps on no other occasion during the year are they treated so unceremoniously by so many and such eagor mendicants, though it must be said they bear it very good naturedly and perhaps take it as a part of their Lenten mortification.

SPECIAL SERVICES FOR THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING COLONY.

Although, of course, the greater part of our visitors betake themselves to the basilicas and the larger churches, where the Holy Week ceremonies are all carried out with greater solemnity and are more imposing than elsewhere, yet those who may desire to go through them in a quieter spirit of devotion were well supplied in the churches of St. Sylvester, known as San Silvestro in Capite, and the little church of St George and the English saints, of which we had occasion to speak more than once lately, especially in connection with the canonical erection of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom. In both of these devotional little churches the ceremonies were performed and attended by well filled congregations. In the church of St. George and the English saints, Father Peter Paul Mackey preached the Three Hours' Agony on Friday, at 1 o'clock, to a crowded congregation. On Easter Sunday both churches celebrated the great feast of the resurrection with solemn pontifical benediction. At the former, Mgr. Stonor, who has just recovered from his alarming illness, gave benediction after an eloquent sermon by Right Rev. Dr. Burke, bishop of Cheyenne, U.S.A.; while Mgr. O'Callaghan (former rector of the English College and late bishop of Hexham and Newcastle) officiated in the latter, assisted as deacon by Rev. J. P. Keating, and sub-deacon by the Rev. Father McDermot, of Brooklyn, who has also kindly lent his assistance to the clergy attached to this little church near the Pincian Hill during the past week.

CONFIRMATION AT THE ENGLISH CONVENT.

On tuesday some of the children being educated at the English Convent in the Via Sistina, Rome, were confirmed by the Most Rev. Mgr. Leoni, patriarch of Constantinople, and vice-gerent of Rome, in convent church of St. George and the English saints. The ceremony was followed by benediction of the Most Holy Sacrament, given by Mgr. Mermillod, S. Francis of Sales' well known successor in the See of Geneva.

ALL orders for "War-Path and Bivouac" should be sent to John F. Finerty, Rooms 29, 30 and 31, Unity Building, No. 79 Dearborn street, Chicago.

MATRIMONIAL.

COTTER-SHAY.

Mr. Daniel Cotter and Miss Mary A. Shay were united in marriage at Holy Angels church on the 16th inst. The happy pair are natives of the parish of Dunmanway and Bantry, West Cork, where their families represented for ages the truest type of Irish character to be found in the south of Ireland.

THE Chicago *Tribune* of last Saturday quoted nearly four columns of accounts of battles and adventures from "War-Path and Bivouac."

Increasing Stage Facilities.

The Fifth Avenue Stage Company has been granted permission to extend its line to Desbrosses street ferry, so that passengers can hereafter ride directly from the Pennsylvania landing to nearly all the big hotels in the city. This will be a great convenience to travelers, as there will be no changing of cars for uptown and no double fare, as at present. Of course the stages do not ride over the rough pavements as smoothly as the cars run, but they are not at all unpleasant after one is used to them. The fact that they are mostly patronized by the wealthy shows that old time methods are not to be despised even in these days of steam and electricity. When the horse cars were put on Broadway it was thought we had seen the last of the stages. But it was not so. Their absence was short, and in spite of the cars, they were welcomed back again, running for a good distance over their old route. The company has just asked for the privilege to increase the fare to ten cents but has been refused.—*New York Letter.*

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5.00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U. S. Pat. 257,647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178, Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to-day.

Home Seekers' Excursion Tickets

via the Wisconsin Central to all principal points in the Northwest including St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, will be on sale April 22, May 20, Sept. 9 and 25, and Oct. 14, at the rate of one fare for the round trip, at the City Ticket Office of the Wisconsin Central, No. 205 Clark street, and at the Grand Central Passenger Station, Harrison street and Fifth avenue, also at all the leading hotels.

"CONVICT NO. 25"

—OR—

The Clearances

—OF—

WESTMEATH.

BY JAMES MURPHY,

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

IN FREEDOM.

When the three shipwrecked men were brought into the little bathing-place on the Garronese coast, it was found that Convict No. 37, or, as we should rather call him, Phelim, was seriously ill. His worn frame, exhausted after ten years of prison life and mental suffering, was unable to stand the dreadful hardships of that night of storm, and he was soon found to be suffering from a severe attack of brain fever.

Fortunately the captain had sufficient money with him to ensure the two friends a comfortable home, and all the necessary medical and other comforts; and when he saw them safely and carefully located, he took his departure for the nearest station, which was many miles distant, and thence to London, to report the loss of his vessel to the owners.

The attention and kindness which his companion had bestowed upon himself Kevin now had the opportunity of returning.

For days and weeks the sufferer lay unconscious, during which time his companion attended to him unceasingly. At last, owing to his care and the kindness of the French doctor who attended him, he had the gratification of seeing him on the way to recovery. It was a long time before he was able to rise from his bed, still longer before he could walk about. But when he did, the little strolls by the seaside, and the balmy and invigorating air of the southern French coast rapidly made him strong.

Evening after evening they walked along the little beach, over which the treacherous sea rolled in tiny, sunny wavelets, with ripples light and soft, as if it had never tossed a helpless ship about, or engulphed in its depths—as if it had never washed the light out of man's eyes, or quenched the fire of life in his heart.

"Phelim," said Kevin one evening, when the former was able to walk without the support of his friend's arm, "we are a long time here."

"So we are," said Phelim, acquiescingly.

"Don't you think we might soon make an effort to travel?"

"Yes, I think we might."

"Are you strong enough for a long journey?"

"I think I am. Where do you think we should go?"

"Where would you like to go?"

"To Ireland—to Clare."

"Just what I was thinking myself," said Kevin. "But there is danger, you know."

"So there is," said Phelim.

"But, danger or not," said Kevin, "I must go. I cannot help going. There are friends there whom I would like to see—in fact, that no dread of danger would keep me from seeing."

"Likely enough," said Phelim. "Why not?"

"But you have no friends in Clare. You told me so."

"Not one."

"Then why, my dear fellow, should you put yourself in danger? If you are found out you will spend the remainder of your life in prison."

"So I would. That's true."

"Then why go there? Remember your ten years. Why should you put yourself in danger again? I have friends in this country—in Paris—with whom you can stay."

"Kevin Moore!" said the other, after a pause, "you have friends in Ireland you would like to see—to see, no matter what danger you passed through!"

"Yes; I certainly have."

"Well, there is no friend there whose sight would be half so pleasant to you as the sight of my wife's—of Mary—and her baby's grave would be to me!"

"Ah!"

"No! not one! I have been dreaming of them night after night since I began to grow well. Maybe it's the freedom, maybe it's the brightness of these skies that makes me think of them, but night after night I think of them—dream of them—as they used to be ten long years ago, eleven years nearly now, when the sun shone over our cottage, and danced, as it does now here, on the sea before our door!"

"Poor fellow!" thought Kevin. "And so you will go to Clare, Phelim?"

"Yes: I'll go to Clare. I can't rest until I see their graves—until I pray over where they've been sleeping these ten years."

"Very well, Phelim. Let it be so. We will go together. But tell me, Phelim"—he asked the question in a half whisper, so much was the dread upon himself—"does he ever come now?"

Phelim glanced up and around with something of his old look, but it quickly vanished as he said:

"No."

"Thank God for that!" said Kevin.

"Amen. Glory be to His holy name!"

A few days after they left for Paris. The generous captain had not only left them sufficient means to carry them over the period of illness, but enough to defray their expenses to Paris.

Arrived at his uncle's house, Kevin for the first time learned of the break up of his home in Ireland, of the dispossession of his mother and sister. Further, learned to his surprise that Norah had been nearly all the time since living with his uncle, the abbe, until a few days previously, on hearing of her mother's illness, she had hurried back to attend her.

All this only made him the more anxious to get back. He felt upon wires until he should see her again, and until he should see the fair face of Maury O'Keeffe.

The abbe was too glad, however, to see his nephew, whom he had not seen since he was a little child on a former visit to Paris, to permit himself or friend to leave for a few days. It was with considerable reluctance he consented to his returning at all, but Kevin was too steadfast in his intentions, and the abbe gave way.

Making use of their new found liberty, and the delightful sense of unconstraint that accompanied it, he and his friend rambled through the streets of Paris during their few days of stay.

The magnificence of the buildings; the splendor of the streets; the surpassing richness and beauty of the shops; the long boulevards crowded with beauty and fashion; had unceasing charms for them. Their eyes had been so long accustomed to the whitewashed walls of the cell, or the bare bleak surroundings of the prison yard, that the sight seemed to them a glimpse of Paradise.

But it was in the night time, when its long lines of lamps, lighting up its streets with a brilliancy that they had never seen before, and when the crowds, moving and shifting apast with the ever changing forms of a kaleidoscope, gave the streets such a panoramic effect that they loved to stroll leisurely through the boulevards and thoroughfares.

It was on the fifth or sixth night after their arrival that Kevin and his friend were walking leisurely about. They had branched off, without intending it, from the great thoroughfares, and found themselves in one of those narrow and gloomy streets that, before the days of the third Napoleon and Baron Haussman, formed such quaint and old-fashioned scenes in the daytime, but became at night such dangerous places for unwary travelers.

"We have lost our way, Phelim, I fear," said Kevin.

"So I think," said Phelim. "We have not been here before, that I can remember."

"No, we have not," said Kevin, as he glanced up at the high gloomy houses, and up and down the lightless street. 'But I think this leads to the river. If, we got to the quays I think I should know my way."

"Let us go on then. We must go on anyhow, for we cannot remain here all night."

They proceeded down the narrow street. Occasionally a figure, lurking in the darkened doorways, startled them by suddenly protruding its head, and at other times the loud noise of uproar in some of the gloomy and dilapidated houses warned them that they were in dangerous quarters.

"Which way shall we turn, I wonder, said Kevin, as they reached the corner of the street that seemed to debouch into ways still narrower and more lightless. "This does not seem a promising look-out."

"No," said Phelim, "I think we had better go back. This does not look like the way to the quays."

"No; I don't think it does. We must go back—but hush!"

The noise of uproar and clamor burst on them from a few doors away. It came with singular suddenness, and in a moment further a voice cried out—

"Help! murder! Help! help! Murder!"

"God bless us," said Kevin. "What is that? That's a stranger that's being murdered—an Irishman, too. Listen!"

No further sounds grew on the night air, but some distance down in the gloomy street they could see with distinctness some forms moving and tussling about—evidently quarreling.

"There's some bad work going on there," said Kevin hurriedly. "I won't look on, Phelim, and see murder done—not even here. Stay here a moment! Phelim, while I run down and see what's amiss!"

"No," said Phelim, with equal excitement; "I'll go with you."

"Come, then, Phelim; and come quickly!"

Running at the top of his speed, and followed by his companion, Kevin flew in the direction where the tussling was going on.

A few men—three or four—were engaged around a form that lay apparently senseless at their feet. They had paid no attention to the footsteps of the two men as they approached, possibly mistaking them for friends and accomplices; and it was only when Kevin burst in on them with "Murderers and robbers what do you here?" that they found out their mistake.

Kevin's skill in athletics on the bog of Mullawnamore stood him in good stead here, for, catching one of them by the shoulder with a swing and a sudden tip, he flung him heavily against the railings, while, as another tried to run past him, with a dexterous movement of his foot he flung him heavily on his face on the curbstone.

The others, with the cowardice peculiar to robbers, fled.

"He is dead, poor fellow?" said Kevin, as he bent over the senseless victim. "They have killed him."

"Murder, robbers, police!" he shouted at the top of his voice, forgetting in his excitement that he was in a strange city where his words could not be understood. Finally he placed his fingers to his lips, and blew a whistle so shrill that it made the night birds startle from the eaves of the high houses, and rang with weird and strange effect in the narrow and silent street.

It was answered by another whistle afar off, and while they looked and listened lights were seen at the further end of the street rapidly advancing; the military tread of men rang on the pavement; and in a few moments a night patrol of gendarmes was beside them.

"There has been murder here," said Kevin as they came beside.

"So I see—or something like it," said the chief of the patrol, answering him in excellent English. "You are foreigners—English I see. How did it happen?"

Kevin rapidly explained to him the circumstances.

"Jacque's gang!" said the gendarme. "You came in good time. Quarter of an hour, more, and the river would have had his body. His friends might search the morgue for him tomorrow. He is not dead, however. His heart beats," he said, as he took the lantern from one of the men and stooped down. "They were disturbed a little too soon."

"Is he badly hurt?" asked Kevin.

"I cannot say. They usually do this business more effectually. But he has been robbed. There is nothing in his pockets. See here."

He took from the ground where it lay beside him, a fragment of gold chain.

"He must have struggled pretty well with them. They do not usually give time for even that. Here, men, carry him to the nearest wine shop."

In a few second's the men unfolded, to Kevin's surprise, a rope stretcher, which they usually carried with them, and by an ingenious contrivance, with their batons, soon made it sufficiently strong to bear the stranger on. Lifting the prostrate form they bore him along to a corner shop, through whose half closed door the lights gleamed in pleasant and striking contrast with the gloom of the street.

His period of unconsciousness was short, for as they bore him into the little parlor, and poured a drop of brandy between his lips, he feebly asked, "Where am I?"

"Among friends at present," said the chief.

"What has happened me?"

'Rest yourself for the present. You will learn all a little later on."

"I have been assaulted, I think."

"Yes; and you may thank your countrymen here for your life."

Kevin glanced at Phelim with the most intense surprise; and as he did he saw that the same expression of wonderment was in his companion's eyes that he knew to be in his own.

"It is most extraordinary," he said in a whisper.

"It is," assented Phelim.

"I never saw anything so surprising."

"Nor I."

"Was there ever such a wonderful meeting?"

"I think not."

While they were thus whispering in short and broken sentences, the garotted man roused himself sufficiently to glance at the faces that surrounded him. His eyes passed lightly over those of the gendarmerie; but as he glanced at the two that accompanied them, a curious expression passed also into his face. He with drew his eyes for a moment, rubbed them with his extended fingers, and again bestowed a further look of a very inquiring character upon them.

"Do my eyes deceive me? Am I," said he—sitting upright in his astonishment—"dreaming or swooning still?"

"You are not swooning or dreaming, doctor; you are quite wide awake," said Kevin pleasantly.

"It is not possible——"

"It is quite possible," said Kevin, again breaking in on the conversation, to prevent any revealments that might bring them into unnecessary trouble or surveillance from the gendarmerie. "We are the same two you formerly knew in Portsmouth."

The doctor closed his eyes in utter surprise and bewildermen, then opening them, asked—

"How did you come here?"

"We shall tell you when you are able to come away with us.

In less than an hour, and with the assistance of some good old brandy provided by madame the inn keeper, he was able to leave; and the gendarmerie, politely seeing them safe out of the dangerous quarters into the crowded and lighted thoroughfares, bade them good night, or rather good morning.

On their way home they stated in full and without any reservation the story of their escape, all of which their former medical attendant listened to with the most aneative interest.

"It is an extremely curious business," he said finally; "and a remarkably fortunate thing for me that it occurred, or else I should likely enough be found in the the morgue tomorrow."

"They had time enough to rob you, though," said Kevin.

"Yes," said he, as he searched his pockets; "they have not left me a farthing. Rather an awkward thing in Paris, of all other cities."

"If you will come with me," said Kevin, "I may be able to remove that awkwardness."

The doctor did not hesitate a second to accompany them to the abbe's, where he formed a very welcome addition to the party, and from whom he received a loan of sufficient amount to defray his expenses in Paris and his journey to England, whence he could pay the obligation.

"Good bye," said he as he parted with his two friends at the Calais station. "Keep clear of Portsmouth for the future."

"We are not likely to see you there again," said Kevin in high good humor.

"No, you are not; for a different reason, however, from what you fancy. I am leaving there. I have been attached to one of the regiments—stationed, I believe, indeed, somewhere in Ireland. Good-bye."

Good bye—good-bye," cried the two former convicts as their good-natured friend moved off in the parting train.

A few days afterwards both took their leave of Paris, and arrived in London. Thence Phelim took his journey to Bristol to catch the boat to Limerick, whence he could proceed to Clare; while Kevin started without delay to Dublin and thence to Westmeath.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore. The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

GAELIC PROSE.

Agallamh idir Connali Cearnach agus a athair.

Tógadh an alt so leanas as Leabhar na h-Uidhre, aon de na leabraibh is sinne atá san t-seau Ghaedhilig. Tá an alt so le fághail anns an ageul dar b'ainm "Tógbháil Bhruighne Da Derga," Ba "bhruidhidhe," no feilmeoir mór, an fear sin, Da Dearga, agus bhí sé 'una chómhnuidhe a g-condae Baile Atha cliath, timcheall cúig mile ó'n g-cathair. Ní'l aon lorg a thighe le feicsin anois, óir tá sé dá mhile bliadhain ó marbhadh féin agus ó milleadh a theach; agus is mar so do tháinic an milleadh sin. Bhi Conaire Mór 'nna árd-righ ós ceann Eireann an tan sin. Chuaidh sé air aisdear go d-ti Cúige Múmham chum siothchána do chur air bun idir dá fhlaith na tíre sin, óir ba Chonaire an righ Páganach dob fhearr do bhi ós ceann Eireann a riamh. Bhi sé 'nna righ air feadh nios mó 'ná leathcheud bliadhan, agus deir na sean leabhair go raibh "lán sithchána a n-Eirinn air feadh a righe." Ar d-teacht air ais ó Mhúmhain dó go n-a chuideachd, chonnaire sé dúthaigh Teamhrach agus Teamhar féin, tre theine. Bhi fhios aige go raibh sluagh máimhdheach éigin san tír. D'iompoigh sé siar-dheas, agus fuair se aoidheacht a d-teach Da Dearga an oidhche sin; acht do rinneadh ionnsuigh air an teach roimh lá. Bhi Teamhar agus an tír in a timcheall, creachta le h-airgtheoraibh ó Bhreatain; 'nuair do creachadh Teamhar leo, theith siad air ais chum a long a d'fhág siad 'san g-cuan faoi cnoc Beinne Eidir, dá ngoirthear Howth an dú. Do sheol siad as sin thar chuan Atha Cliath agus tháinic chum tíre timcheall na h-áite dá ngoirthear Kingstown an dú; as sin do rinneadar ionnsuigh air theach Da Dearga ann a raibh righ Eireann agus a chuideacht, óir ní raibh nios mó 'na timcheall cuig mile ag na h-airgtheoraibh(8) le dul ó'n áit ann a raibh a longa, go d-tí teach Da Dearga. Bhi cath mór 'san m-bruigin idir na h-airgtheoraibh agus muintir righ Eireann. Ba theach mór é déanta d'ádhmud, le seacht ndóirse air, agus bhí sé suidhte ós ceann na h-amhann Dodder. Bhi fios ag na h-airgtheoiribh go raibh Conaire 'san m-bruidhin, agus go bh-fuighfidis mórán éadála innti. Ní'l aon eolas againn cá meud daoineadh do bhi le Conaire, no cá meud daoineadh do rinne ionnsuigh air an d-teach, óir ní thugann na sean-leabhair a n-uibhir, agus ní thugann siad aonmna aon duine air a bh-fuil eolas againn anois, do bhí a bh-fochair Chonaire, acht Conall Cearnach agus Cormac Conluaglas,—dá laech do b'fhearr agus do b' uaisle do bhí in Eirinn an tan sin. Do marbhadh Conaire agus gach aon fhear do bhi ins an d-teach, acht an dís dá amháin. Do bhriseadar a m-bealach amach tri n-a námhadaibh tar éis ceudtha dhíobh do mharbhadh. Ní'l aon sgeul againn a d-taoibh Chormaic Chonluinges tar éis a theithmhe ó'n m-bruidhin; acht do righ Conall Cearnach Tailtin, áit in a raibh a athair 'nna chómhnuidhe. Tugann Leabhar na h-Uidhre agallamh an dís a tá cuirthe síos aun so, 'sé sin, an athar agus a mhic. Tá an chanamhain ann a bh-fuil sé sgriobhtha i Leabhar na h-Uidhre, an-shean; agus ba deacair a thuigsin anois le fear nach bh-fuil fóghlumtha 'san t-sean-teangain. Tá cuid de chanamhain Leabhair na h-Uidhre, air an ádhbhar sin, aistrighthe go Gaedhilig láthairigh, tonnas go m-beidheadh sí níos soiléire do na daoinibh nach d-tuigeann acht i. Ba deacair le fághail aoin nidh níos deise no níos breágha in aon teangaiu 'san domhan, no smuainte níos iaechearnhla 'na iad so a deir an t-athair le n-a mhac. Ta mórán focal 'san b-pios so shios, deacar go leor; agus ní furas ciall díobh fhágbail amach anois, óir tá cuid acu nach bh-fuil a n-aon fhocloir na Gaedhilge.

Maireann ainm tighe Da Dearga fós, tar éis dá mhile bliadhan; óir ní'l ainm áite timcheall B'l'a Cliath níos feárr aighnighthe 'na "Sloher na Breena" idir Tír an Iubhair agus Tamhleacht, agus timcheall cuig mile siar-dheas ó'n g-cathair.

"Do chuaidh Conall Cearnach ó 'n m-bruidhin agus do chuaidh trí chaogad gaí(1) tres an láimh air a raibh a sgiath. Chuaidh sé go ráinic teach a athar, agus leath a sgeithe in a láimh, agus a chlaidheamh agus brúrach(2) a dhá ghal. Tharla gur casadh a athair leis a n-dorus a lessa a Tailtiu. 'Nios luaithe 'na cá a tháinic tu, a mhacáin,' dubhairt a athair leis. 'Sgeula leat ó'n m-bruidhin Dá Dearga? An beo do thighearna?' 'Ni beo,' dubhairt Conali Cearnach. 'Mionnuighim(3) do dhia dá mionnuigheas mór-thuathaUladh(4) gur miodhlaochda do'n fhear do chuaidh as i m-beatha iar fágbháil a thighearaa le náimhdibh i m-bás.' 'Nior thaisbeánas mo chreuchda(5) duit, a shean laoich,'(6) dubhairt Conall Cearnach. Do thaisbeán sé in sin a lámh le trí chaogad creuchd uirri, acht d'fhan a sgiath le'r dhídin sé é féin, leis • • • • 'Bo fieh(7) an lámh sin a nocht, a mhacáin,' dubhairt a athair. 'Fíor sin, a sheanlaoich' dubhairt a mhac."

1. "Trí chaogad gaí," a hundred and fifty spears.
2. "Brurach," a butt, or remnant.
3. "Mionnuighim," I swear.
4. "Mor thuatha Uiadh," the great tribes of Ulster.
5. "Creuchda," wounds.
6. "A shean laoich," O old hero.
7. "Bo fieh," did fight; "fieh" is now absolete.
8. "Airgtheoir," means a plunderer.

[The translation into modern Gaelic given above is very imperfect and curtailed. There probably is no one on this side of the Atlantic so well able to furnish THE CITIZEN with an exact translation of this splendid piece of old Irish prose, as Father Keegan, of St. Louis; and it is to be hoped he will do so when he has leisure.]

FROM NEW YORK.

Barnum at Home—Hope for Rapid Transit—An Edison Exhibition.

NEW YORK, April 14, 1890.—P. T. Barnum's great and only show opened its American tour at the Polo grounds in this city last Saturday night. The show this year is larger than ever before, occupying no less than twenty-six tents of all kinds. The grand torchlight parade took place on Friday night, and, it is needless to say, drew out an immense multitude of sightseers who thronged the sidewalks and streets along the whole twenty miles of the route. Twelve hundred people actually take part in representing each performance, 800 of whom are what is known to the theatrical profession as "supes," they being engaged to personate soldiers in Nero's triumphal entry into Rome. Many new features have been added this year, and during the coming three weeks, the show will certainly be the central attraction for all the youngsters in the town.

UNDERGROUND RAILROADS.

Some serious efforts in the direction of rapid transit are being made just now, and it is not improbable that New York city will soon have something of the kind worthy of the name. Not only are there two bills on the subject now pending before the legislature at Albany, but Mayor Grant has also appointed a Rapid Transit Commission under the existing act of 1875. The probable outcome of these efforts will be an underground system of railroads throughout the whole city. Broadway and Fifth avenue below 59 h street are likely to be exempted, though one of the bills referred to provides for an underground road on Broadway which will branch off at Madison avenue. The bills also authorize the commission to locate routes through the blocks between the streets, a plan which I believe would meet with approval as the routes would thereby be made much more direct, especially in the lower part of the city. Something ought to be done very soon in this matter, as the present facilities of horse cars and elevated roads are entirely insufficient. Anyone who is compelled to ride up or down towns mornings or evenings is made to feel in a very uncomfortable manner the pressing need of improvement.

AN INTERESTING EXHIBITION.

The Edison Exhibition at the Lenox Lyceum, for the benefit of the New York Exchange for Women's Work, during the past week has been a great success. Everything which Edison had at the Paris Exhibition can be seen here. The phonograph exhibition is truly wonderful. One of these instruments furnishes an orchestral entertainment of startling fidelity. The little cylinder is set in motion, and the hearers ranged in front of it, by putting the connecting tubes to their ears can hear selections from the latest operas performed by cornet and piano as distinctly and perfectly as though given by Levy and Joseffy in the same room. The electric lighting apparatus, the talking dolls, the telephone combinations, and a score of other ingenious and wonderful things are here also, and the ladies are making a splendid success of the undertaking, besides a snug sum of money.

EDWIN ARLINGTON.

A TIPPERARY POET AND NOVELIST.

The J. F. Meagher Testimonial Fund.

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN,—Many Irishmen at home and abroad will gladly learn that it is proposed to present a testimonial to John Francis Meagher ("Slieve namon.") On the 2nd February, 1866, Mr. Meagher was, on the information of the infamous spy, Talbot, arrested in his native town of Carrick on Suir for his connection with the Fenian organization. With him were arrested his father, then in his seventy-fifth year; his brother William who died in Mountjoy Prison after two years' solitary confinement; Sergeant McCarthy and others. Mr. Meagher was subjected to prison tortures in Clonmel, Kilmainham and Mountjoy. He was released in '67, after his health had been shattered by imprisonment, only to find his circle broken up.

Since then Mr. Meagher has been a well known contributor to Irish journals. He was employed for some time in the *Irishman* Office; and from 1869 to 1880 was a regular contsibutor to the *Irishman* and *Shamrock*. From 85 to '87 many contributions of his appeared in *Young Ireland* and in the *Irish Fireside*, now the *Glasgow Observer*, under the general title, "Legends of Southern Ireland." Few have done more than Mr. Meagher has to rescue from oblivion the legends that still survive amongst the peasantry of Waterford and his native Tipperary. He is now unfortunately in very poor health and is in embarrassed circumstances.

His friends have therefore resolved to organize a testimonial to mark their sense of his life-long patriotism, and their appreciation of his sufferings for the "good old cause." Our purpose in appealing is to bring the testimonial under the notice of Mr. Meagher's many friends and admirers (and they are legion), who live far away from his native town. We hope that all who admire the part Mr. Meagher has borne in the Irish struggle, as well as all those who have derived pleasure and profit from his writings, will contribute generously to the testimonial which it is proposed to present him with.

Committee—Rev. W. P. Hickey, Glasgow; P. J. Maher, Maurice Power, Wm. Prendergast, Clonmel; Thos. F. Walsh, M. C. Dowdall, James O'Carroll, Patrick Burke, Carrick-on Suir; Wm P. O'Keeffe, Greystone street, Corrick on Suir, Hon. Treasurer, James J. Hearn, Ashpark, Carrick-on-Suir, honorable secretary.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all other Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all other Nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

A Farmer's House Fired Into.

An outrage was perpetrated recently in the neighborhood of Kilmilhill, midway between Kildysart and Kilrush. It is alleged that a farmer named Frawley was retiring for the night when four pistol shots were fired through the window in rapid succession. The bullets are said to have passed directly over his head, and lodged in the kitchen dresser. His daughter, who was sleeping in the apartment next to the kitchen, jumped out of bed and rushed to the door, in order to secure it firmly against the attacking party, but in the act of doing so four additional shots were fired through the door, and although one of the bullets, it is alleged, passed under her arm, she escaped uninjured.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren st., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 8:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galligan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2924 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. J. I. Coghlan, S. J., pastor. Residence 413 W. Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 6:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 686 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2938 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 35th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2542 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomucek Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kelvelage, pastor. Residence, 996 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 235 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Kilian Schloesser, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clarket.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Bronsgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 389 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of Mc-Gregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 498 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M.—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Essing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 926 Hurlbut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 162 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2954 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Rathe, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 833 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Garn McShane, pastor; Residence 321 N. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's — Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. B. Dolwick, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 209 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, C. S., pastor Residence 1406 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 3 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heldmann, pastor. Residence 3919 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—264 Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. A. Tighe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Venn, pastor. Residence, 84 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 187 DeKoven st.

St. Josaphat's Church—Bolden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m. Rev. K. Kozlowski, pastor. Residence 238 Southport av.

St. Adelbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev J. Radziejowski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st.

IT IS READY TO SIGN.

The World's Fair Bill Passes the Senate.

ONLY ONE AMENDMENT IS ADOPTED,

And That Provides for a Naval Display in New York Harbor to Which Different Nations Will Be Invited to Send Fleets —The House Concurs in the Senate Amendment and the Bill Is Now Ready for the President's Signature.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 22.—The world's fair bill was passed by the senate Monday by a vote of 43 to 13, after a discussion continued for five hours and participated in by the ablest members of the senate. The amendment to the house bill proposed by the senate committee was divided—the first part, relating to a naval review, was adopted by a majority of one, and the second part, providing for the unveiling of a statue to Christopher Columbus in Washington with appropriate ceremonies, was rejected. Senator Blair proposed amendments for a "review of the school children" in Chicago by the president, for the unveiling of a statue of Queen Isabella, and for the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors within the limits of the exposition. All of them were rejected.

Ready for the President.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 22.—The house Tuesday concurred in the senate amendments to the world's fair and the bill having passed both houses it goes to the president for action.

CAPITAL CULLINGS.

As to Safety Appliances on Railways.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 22.—J. Warren Coulston, attorney for the Loughridge Brake and Car company, of Philadelphia, and J. E. Loughridge, a member of the company, made argument Monday before the house committee on railways and canals on a bill introduced by Flower to regulate railway appliances. The bill requires automatic air-brakes and couplers. The speakers did not object to the tenor of the bill, and thought automatic couplers essential, because they relieved the trainmen of dangerous duties. But automatic air brakes increased these dangerous duties. They asked that some phrase like "continuous air-brake" be substituted for "automatic air-brake," so as to leave the field open for improvement.

The Overflow in Louisiana.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 22.—In accordance with the request of Representative Coleman of Louisiana Secretary Proctor has transmitted to the house a report of Quartermas'er-General Robinson in regard to the condition of affairs in the overflowed district of St. James and Ascension parishes, Louisiana. Gen. Robinson says the situation is deplorable, and hundreds of planters have lost their crops, while thousands of laborers will soon be thrown out of employment. He recommends instant action tending to the relief of the sufferers by the United States. There is liable to be in St. James, St. John, and Ascension parishes a total of 5,000 persons destitute within a month.

House Committee on Judiciary.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 22.—The question of reporting a bill to the house providing for the election of senators by the direct votes of the people of the state, came before the judiciary committee of the house, and after some discussion it was decided to let the matter lie on the table until the senate takes some action on it. This was done partly as a matter of courtesy to the senate. The committee instructed Mr. Culberson of Texas to report favorably the senate anti-trust bill without amendment. A bill providing for the punishment of counterfeiters of trade marks was laid on the table until the first meeting of the next session.

Mrs. Randall Returns Thanks.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 22.—Mrs. Randall is endeavoring to answer all the letters and other communications of condolence that have been received by her since the death of her husband. Many expressions of sympathy came indirectly and from persons whose addresses she does not know and to these she desires to return thanks through the press of the country in the names of herself and the members of her family for their kindness and consideration in her bereavement.

Presidential Favors.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 22.—The president has sent to the senate the following nominations: John C. Fremont, of New York to be a major general of the United States army, on the retired list; John T. Ensor, of Maryland, to be attorney for the United States for the district of Maryland; William F. Airey, of Maryland, to be marshal of the United States for the district of Maryland.

A LAUGHABLE INCIDENT.

A Servant of M. Carnot Mistaken for the President.

PARIS, April 22.—On the arrival of President Carnot at Toulon an incident occurred at which all France is laughing and which proves that it is a wise republic that knows its own president. The president's personal servant has a black beard and is something like his master in appearance. On the arrival of the train the servant conveyed M. Carnot's luggage by mistake to the special landau which was in waiting to drive the president to the prefecture, and while his master was being welcomed by the officials inside the station he was driven off.

Thought He Was the President.

The general commanding the troops at the gate, believing the servant to be M. Carnot, saluted and the band struck up the "Marseillaise." The guard of honor then formed and followed the carriage, the crowd shouting "Vive Carnot," drowning the servant's protests. On the man's arrival at the perfecture a salute was fired before the error was discovered. During all this time the president was left at the station without an escort, and upon the discovery of the mistake the officials were overwhelmed with dismay and consternation.

Eminent Baltimore Lawyer Dead.

BALTIMORE, Md., April 22.—The eminent lawyer, James A. L. McClure, secretary for many years of the Democratic state central committee, and for twenty years counsel for the board of police commissioners, died Monday at the age of 55 years.

Drowned While In a Fit.

GREAT BARRINGTON, Mass., April 22.—Jos. Twing, of Sarsfield, while fishing in Spectacle pond Sunday night with two companions was seized with a fit, fell backward from the boat and was drowned. The body was recovered Monday.

AGREED ON A SCALE.

A Conclusion Reached by Miners and Mine Operators at Columbus.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, April 18.—The joint meeting of miners and mine operators at 5 o'clock Thursday afternoon agreed that the scale of prices from May 1, 1890, to May 1, 1891, should be: For the Hocking Valley, 70 cents per ton, and for Pennsylvania, 79 cents per ton. The scale is 10 cents lower than the original proposition by the miners and an advance of 5 cents over the prices paid in the Hocking district the past year, and an advance of 6 cents over the prices paid in the Pittsburg district. It now seems probable that the corresponding prices will be fixed in Indiana and Illinois and West Virginia.

Other Conventions To Be Held.

The operators of those states must not agree to prices satisfactory to the miners or submit to a strike in which they will have to fight not only the miners of Ohio and Pennsylvania, but the operators as well. The miners of Illinois and Indiana are confident that the operators of those states will not give them audience. It is said the operators of the two states, while not willing to meet with the operators of Ohio and Pennsylvania, are ready to confer with their own miners. In view of this fact a joint convention of mine operators and miners will probably be held at Indianapolis April 25 and a convention of the Illinois operators at St Louis April 23.

Coal Will Be Higher.

The miners of those two states approved the scale adopted for Ohio and Pennsylvania, believing that their action would be approved by their constituents. The advance in prices of mining will not materially affect the lake coal trade, which has already opened and will continue through the season of navigation. The buyers of coal in the northwest will simply have to pay more for the coal.

BLOWN TO ATOMS.

Terrific Explosion of Nitro-Glycerine at Cygnet, Ohio.

CYGNET, OHIO, April 18.—A wagon loaded with nitro-glycerine shells used in shooting oil and gas wells, exploded in the morning with terrific force. Two men who were on the wagon were blown hundreds of yards and nothing left of them but a few strings of their clothing. The horses were terribly mangled and both killed, and the wagon reduced to kindling wood. The report was distinctly heard a distance of ten miles, and in the immediate vicinity windows were broken and chimneys leveled.

Arrested for an Old Murder.

CHARLESTON, S. C., April 18.—Samuel Jefferson, a wealthy citizen of Gaffney, was arrested Thursday, charged with the murder of Dr. Alexander White, in Union county, twenty-five years ago. White was to have testified against Jeffries, who was on trial at that time for murder. Jefferies was acquitted. He was suspected of White's murder, and White's son has been working up the case against Jefferies ever since. One Madlin made a death-bed statement some years ago that Jeffries murdered White, but until now the evidence has not been deemed sufficient to warrant the arrest.

Sir Gerge Elliott in Trouble.

LONDON, April 18.—Miss Alice Hairs, a woman of thirty years of age, has brought an action for seduction and breach of promise of marriage against Sir George Elliott, member of parliament for Monmouth, Wales. The woman alleges that she has twice been enciente by Sir George, and that after her betrayal the defendant promised marriage. Sir George Elliott denies the truth of the allegations, and asserts that the action is an attempt at blackmail. The proceedings in the case are creating the most intense excitement in social and political circles.

Mrs. Ward Says It's All Wrong.

NEW YORK, April 18.—Mrs. Helen Dauvray-Ward declined to see a reporter Thursday morning, but wrote a letter stating that the report about her separation from her husband, John Montgomery Ward, the famous shortstop, was "absolutely wrong in every particular." Mrs. Ward states that she returns to the stage because of the separation from her husband. The separation was not because of her desire to return to the stage.

Death of Jockey McLaughlin.

DETROIT, Mich., April 18.—W. S. McLaughlin better known as "Billy" McLaughlin, the veteran jockey, died at Grace hospital, in this city, from a complication of diseases. He has been prominently before the sporting public for the past thirty years, and in his time has held the reins to some of the record-beaters of the world.

Killed His Brother by Mistake.

MILBANK, S. D., April 18.—Two brothers named Larsen were awakened by a noise outside their house at night. Arming themselves, one went out at the front door and the other at the back door to reconnoiter. They met and one brother, thinking the other was a burglar, fired at him, the shot resulting in instant death.

Suicide of a Reporter.

NEW YORK, April 18.—Joseph A. Allen, a reporter on The Evening Telegram, committed suicide at his home, 61 Hicks street, Brooklyn, by inhaling chloroform. For some time past he has been a martyr to rheumatism and the despondency arising therefrom is supposed to have been the cause of the deed.

Collision of Freight Trains.

GILMAN, Ills., April 18.—Two freight trains collided about three miles west of here. Both engines were badly wrecked and six cares were smashed. One of the latter was loaded with hogs, nearly all of which were killed. Three persons were slightly injured.

Been Robbing the Mails.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 18.—Abram Bogardus, superintendent of mails in the Rochester postoffice, was arrested Friday afternoon by Postoffice Inspectors Coates and Hartshorn on the charge of robbing the mails. He has held the position about a year.

Killed by a Switch Engine.

TOLEDO, OHIO, April 18.—Edward Shannon, a switchman employed in the yards of the Wabash railroad in this city, was run down by a switch engine and instantly killed. He was 24 years of age and unmarried.

Will Grant the Men's Demands.

LANCASTER, Pa., April 18.—The boss carpenters will probably concede the demand of the union carpenters of this city for uniform wages of $2 a day after May 1.

Stanley at Paris.

PARIS, April 18.—Mr. Henry M. Stanley, accompanied by Sir William Mackinnon, chairman of the Emin relief committee, has arrived in this city from Cannes.

RAILROAD EMPLOYES.

Annual Report of the Commissioner of Labor.

AVERAGE WAGES PAID BY THE ROADS.

A Comparative Table Showing the Pay to Employes in This Country and Great Britain—The Relations of Employes and the Railway Corporations—Report of the Committee on General Welfare to the Pan-American Conference.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 19.—Carroll D. Wright, the commissioner of labor, has submitted to the president for transmission to congress his fifth annual report. The single subject treated is railroad labor. The report shows that on June 30, 1889, the whole number of railroad corporations in the

CARROLL D. WRIGHT.

United States was approximately 1,718, and the mileage of these roads, approximately, 156,400 miles. The number of employes on all of the railroads of the country on that date was 689,912. Upon investigating the subject of the relations of employes and corporations as to sixty roads by which the real railroad business of the country is performed it was found that nineteen roads maintain beneficiary institutions and a few pay hospital expenses while men injured in the service are being treated.

Superannuated Employes.

A very few pay taxes for the support of state and county institutions. Three or four contribute to relief funds, and several furnish club houses for certain classes of employes. Six companies assert that they pension their sup rannuated employes and also their permanently disabled people. A few give superannuated employes light work or allow half-time pay; while a number make settlements upon the permanently disabled. Two hundred and sixty-six companies retain in their service permanently disabled employes, the number of such on the rolls at the close of the year 1888 being 3,121. A very large number of roads also provide some system of technical education for the men in their shops. A few roads have technical schools for their employes, and in some cases for their families.

Damages for Injuries.

Commissioner Wright discusses at some length what he believes to be the absurdity of the common law now prevailing in Europe and America which prohibits an injured employe from recovering damages from his employer when the injury is the result of the negligence or unfitness of a co-employe. As to wages, it is found that over 73 per cent. are paid at rates ranging from $1 to $2 per day. The average daily rate of all the employes paid by specific time on the sixty roads is $1.64; yet nearly 61 per cent. of the whole number received less than the average rate of all, while only about 39 per cent. received above the average rate for all.

Higher Wages Paid Here.

A comparative table is given as to the wages paid railroad men in this country and in Great Britain. The British rates are taken from the official returns of wages paid to railway servants on the principal lines in Great Britain by the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. This table shows that the average daily pay of locomotive engineers in Great Britain is $1.46; in the United States $3.22. Of firemen in Great Britain 91 cents; in the United States $2.63. Switchmen in Great Britain 85 cents; in the United States $1.50. Flagmen in Great Britain 81 cents; in the United States $1.13.

THE PAN-AMERICAN CONFERENCE.

The Report of the Committee on General Welfare—Adjournment Reached.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 19.—At the session of the Pan-American conference Friday afternoon the report of the committee on general welfare, recommending arbitration, was discussed. Mr. Blaine, who had been absent at a cabinet meeting, came into the conference room late in the afternoon when the controversy seemed far from a conclusion. He asked a recess, and then invited the committee on general welfare to join him in considering the matter. The recess was taken and Mr. Blaine and the committee retired. They were gone scarcely half an hour. Upon returning Mr. Blaine made a short speech, and closed by moving the adoption of a modification of the report from which the objectionable features were eliminated. It was the United States which opposed the original report, as it would have tied this country up too tight, by making arbitration perpetual, so far as cessions of territory was concerned, when the result of demand at the point of the bayonet. Blaine's motion was agreed to, but Chili did not vote.

Resolution of Thanks.

The vital business of the conference was thus ended. The work was done. Dr. Martinez Silva, of Colombia had, however, a proposition to present. Its provisions were that a Latin-American library shall be founded in the City of Washington with contributions from the nations represented; that it shall be known as the Columbus library; that in it shall be placed histories of the nations represented in the congress, also their geographies, maps, and official documents; and that the library shall be dedicated upon the four hundredth anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. These propositions were embodied in a motion which prevailed without dissent. Resolutions of thanks to Mr. Blaine and to the United States for courtesies and hospitalities were moved by Mr. Romero of Mexico and were enthusiastically adopted by the Southern delegates.

Adjourned Sine Die.

The conference at 12 m. Saturday adjourned sine die. Prior to adjournment the delegation from Chili offered a resolution which was adopted, that to commemorate this conference, the countries represented associate themselves with the United States in celebrating the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus. Resolutions thanking the various officers

tary Blaine delivered the closing speech.

After adjournment the delegates called on the president in a body. The president bade them a hearty good-bye, after which a number of them started on a trip through the south.

THE LAST SAD RITES.

Funeral Services Over the Remains of the Dead Congressman.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 17.—The funeral services over the remains of Hon. Samuel J. Randall took place Thursday morning at the Metropolitan Presbyterian church, corner Fourth and B streets, southeast. Shortly after 8 o'clock, the body enclosed in a plain cloth-covered casket with silver trimmings, was taken from the Randall residence to the church where it was viewed for an hour by large numbers of people. The casket rested on a catafalque in front of the minister's platform, which was draped in black. Floral tributes from the Samuel Jackson Randall association, of Philadelphia, and from a number of other organizations, were placed to the right and left of the pulpit desk. The casket was covered with large bunches of lilies of the valley and broad palm leaves.

Opening of the Services.

Shortly before 10 o'clock the house and senate committees wearing broad white sashes, entered the church and were escorted to seats to the left of the Randall family. With them came the honorary pall-bearers, wearing black sashes. The services were opened with the hymn: "Lead Kindly Light" by the Shubert quartette of male singers accompanied by the organ. When the quartette had concluded Rev. Dr. Milburn, the blind chaplain of the house of representatives arose and recited verses from the 15th chapter of St. Paul beginning, "But now is Christ risen from the dead." He concluded the selection with a prayer in which he implored Divine comfort for the afflicted widow and her family in the loss of the loving husband whom he characterized as a patriot, a statesman, a lover of his country, and a servant of the people.

Mr. Randall's Favorite Hymn.

Rev. Dr. Chester, the pastor of the church, then announced that the hymn "Just as I am Without One Plea," a favorite of Mr. Randall's, would be sung. The congregation joined in the singing and when the last strains of the organ had died away Dr. Chester in a very impressive manner delivered the funeral sermon.

Placed in the Tomb.

The Pennsylvania congressional delegation, the honorary pall bearers, the congressional committees, a number of members of congress and political and personal friends of the dead statesman accompanied the remains to Philadelphia. The train bearing the remains of the dead statesman reached Ridge Avenue station, Philadelphia, about 8 o'clock. Carriages conveyed the party to Laurel Hill cemetery, where the body was deposited in the vault. Meade post and a number of other organizations escorted the remains to the cemetery. The services there were conducted by Henry C. McCook, D.D., assisted by other clergy. The services were very simple, in accordance with Mr. Randall's desire.

To Make the Vaults Safe.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 19.—Treasurer Huston recently appeared before the house committee on appropriations and told the members that he had discovered that the seals and locks of the vaults of the treasury and of several of the sub-treasuries throughout the country were unsafe. He said that a lock expert had recently made an examination of the locks to the vaults of the treasury and had succeeded in picking several of them, one taking him fifteen seconds only to open. Acting on this information the committee prepared and Saturday reported to the house a bill appropriating $333,500 for vaults and additional securities for the public funds under the custody of the treasurer of the United States.

The Secret Session Leakage.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 19.—The senate in executive session by a vote of 35 to 23 refused to adopt Senator Dolph's smelling committee report in favor of bringing certain newspaper men before the senate for contempt for refusing to testify as to how they obtained the proceedings of the senate when in executive session.

Eulogies on the Late S. S. Cox.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 19.—The house ordered conferences on the bills for public buildings at Lynn, Mass., and Ashland, Wis. At 1 o'clock public business was suspended and the house listened to eulogies on the late S. S. Cox, the first speaker being Amos Cummings, of New York.

The Clayton Assassination.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 19.—The subcommittee of the house committee on elections appointed to investigate the Clayton-Breckenridge contested election case from Arkansas, and the assassination of Col. Clayton, will leave Washington for Arkansas on Tuesday night.

Senate Anti-Trust Bill.

WASHINGTON CITY, April 19.—A subcommittee of the house committee on the judiciary has directed Mr. Culberson of Texas, to make a favorable report to the house on the senate anti-trust bill.

Halstead at the Helm.

NEW YORK, April 19.—The Brooklyn Standard Union in its issue of Saturday publishes the following: "In the line of progress marked out for this paper under its present management, it is a pleasure to make the announcement that, beginning with next Monday's issue, April 21, Mr. Murat Halstead, known the country over for the past thirty years as editor of The Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, assumes a like position on The Standard Union.

A Chicago Millionaire Insane.

CHICAGO, April 19.—Augusta Lehmann, wife of the millionaire merchant, E. J. Lehmann, has filed a petition in the probate court asking for the appointment of a conservator for her husband's estate, and alleging that he is insane. The estate, the petition claims, is worth about $2,500,000. It is prayed that a summons may issue against Mr. Lehmann, as is provided by law, at the May term of the court.

Two Children Cremated.

BETHLEHEM, PA., April 19.—The log-house of farmer Andrew Young, of Pennsville, near here, was destroyed by fire. Two little children of Mr. Young were burned to death and Mrs. Sielfis, the house keeper, was horribly burned while rescuing the other children. The fire was caused by the explosion of a coal oil lamp.

Arrest of Absconder Pope.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., April 18.—A telegram has been received by the chief of police, stating that W. H. Pope, teller of the City National bank, who absconded with $70,000 of the bank's funds has been arrested at Lamy, N. M.

PAT'S DILEMMA.

Shure, docthor, this pain is jist awful!
Be jabbers! I'm all of a sweat!
I hope you will thry to relave it,
For believe me, I can't lay nor set!

Well, Pat, I will try and relieve you, [duced),
(With a smile which Pat's speech had in-
And if you can't "lay" nor "set" either,
Perhaps you had better just *roost!*

But, Pat, for the pain you complain of,
Simply roosting alone might not do,
I think I would try Dr. Pierce's
Golden Medical Discovery, too.

For Liver Disease, Biliousness, Indigestion, Scrofula or any blood-taint or disorder, the "Golden Medical Discovery" is the only remedy possessed of such *superior* curative properties as to warrant its manufacturers in selling it, through druggists, under a **positive guarantee** that it will either benefit or cure in every case, or money paid for it will be refunded.

It's a legitimate *medicine*, not a beverage; contains no alcohol to inebriate, no syrup or sugar to derange digestion. As wonderful in its curative results as in its *peculiar* composition. It stands alone,—*incomparable!* Therefore, don't be fooled into accepting something instead, said to be "*just as good*," because the substitute pays the dealer a better profit.

The equal of the "Golden Medical Discovery" has not been invented; if it ever is, it won't be sold for a less price than what the "Discovery" costs, viz: $1.00, or six bottles for $5.00. It's a concentrated vegetable extract. Dose small and pleasant to the taste. Equally good for adults or children.

To invigorate the liver, sharpen the appetite, improve digestion, and build up both strength and flesh, when reduced below the standard of health, it ranks *pre-eminent*. Has the largest sale of any medicine in the world, *without a single exception!*

For all itching, scaly, festering, burning, tormenting Skin and Scalp diseases, it is especially efficacious. Salt-rheum, Tetter, Psoriasis, Erysipelas, Eczema, and all humors, from a common pimple or eruption to the worst Scrofula, vanish under the use of this world-famed remedy, if continued for a reasonable length of time. Scrofulous Sores and Swellings are cured, and the most tainted systems are, by its somewhat persistent use, cleansed from the most virulent blood-poisons and completely renovated and built up anew. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Proprietors, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 OFFERED for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of **DR. SAGE'S CATARRH REMEDY.**

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expectoration of offensive matter; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases result in consumption, and end in the grave.

By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. Only 50 cents. Sold by druggists everywhere.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

A baby was born in a New York street car last Thursday.

Advices from Cracow say that Polish anarchists and socialists in Galicia intend to revolt May 1.

A Reynolds (Ga.) woman has a baby six days old, perfectly formed, in good health and in peace with all its surroundings, whose face can be covered by a silver dollar, and which will barely turn the scales at one and one-half pounds.

The czar of Russia and family have taken up their residence at Gatchina, despite the forebodings of the police.

Two children of Andrew Young, a farmer living near Peensville, Pa., were burned to death in their home Friday night.

It is rumored that the great fire which destroyed the gas works in Madrid was of incendiary origin.

A member of the military committee on the Lee monument claims it was the example of the New York Seventh that led the confederacy to adopt the gray uniform. He says the first Virginia infantry copied the seventh when that regiment visited Richmond in 1857.

The city of Philadelphia makes a profit of more than $1,000,000 a year by supplying gas to the consumers, besides having the entire city lighted free of cost.

During a drunken street fight at Abington, Ills., Saturday, John Lathrop stabbed and seriously wounded Len Sigmon.

The residence of Mr. Keithley, in Caney county, Choctaw nation, was struck by lightning Saturday night. The electric current descended the chimney and killed Keithley's wife and child.

Mrs. John Schumacher, 45 years old, hanged herself in Cleveland, Ohio.

New York firemen have forwarded $665 for the relief of the firemen injured in the recent Indianapolis fire.

Only one Georgian who voted for Lincoln in 1860, so far as can be ascertained, is now living. This is "Uncle Billy" Powers, who was formerly a baptist clergyman and is now a census enumerator.

By order of Governor Gordon, of Georgia, general commander of the United Confederate veterans, there will be held in Chattanooga a general reunion of all ex-Confederates on July 3, 4, and 5 next.

For seventy-nine days the Mississippi river has been above the danger line at Vicksburg, Miss. Saturday it was stationary there and at Natchez, falling at Baton Rouge, Helena, and Greenville, and rising slightly at St. Joseph, La.

Mayor Lewis Ginter, of Richmond, Va., is said to be worth $7,000,000, all accumulated out of the cigarette business.

George A. Pillsbury, of Minneapolis, will present a soldiers' monument to Sutton, N. H., his native place.

Congress appropriates annually the sum of $8,000 for White House stationary, telegrams, books and other such contingent expenses.

Avery Butler, aged 14, has confessed that he murdered his father, Edward N. Butler, at Clinton, N. C. He said that his father's cruelty provoked him to commit the crime. Butler was shot by a concealed assassin, and in his dying statement named John Simmons, a deserter from the United States army, as his murderer. The governor had just offered a reward for Simmons. As soon as young Butler had confessed he fled before he could be arrested.

THE BRIDGE GAVE WAY.

Fatal Accident to Witnesses of a Baptism in Ohio.

SPRINGFIELD, O., April 21.—Sunday afternoon an immense crowd were watching the negro baptism by immersion in Lagonda creek, when suddenly a span of the foot passage of the bridge gave way, precipitating about fifty people to the water's level. Twelve or thirteen were seriously injured. Mrs. Lewis Meyers and her young son it is thought will die. Horace Keifer, son of ex-Speaker J. Warren Keifer, had his arm broken. Fortunately drift at the foot of the abutment below prevented the horror of deaths by drowning.

Editor O'Brien to Marry.

LONDON, April 21.—William O'Brien, the well-known Irish patriot and member of parliament, will shortly lead to the marriage altar a daughter of M. Raffalovitch, the Parisian financier. M. Raffalovitch's fortune is enormous. It is understood that the marriage settlements are extremely handsome. The announcement of the match has created a great sensation in political and financial circles on both sides of the channel. The engagement was kept secret, and several titled foreign suitors are much disturbed by the news.

Fire at Moline, Ills.

MOLINE, Ills., April 21.—Fire broke out in the wood-working department of the Moline Buggy company at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and after destroying it and the blacksmith shop, spread to the woodwork department of the Sechler Carriage company, which was also seriously damaged. The loss is $20,000.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO, April 21.

Quotations on the board of trade to-day were as follows: Wheat—No. 2 May, opened 88c, closed 87¼c; June, opened 88¼c, closed 87¼c; July, opened 87¼c, closed 86¼c. Corn—No. 2 May, opened 32¾c, closed 32¾c; June, opened 33¼c, closed 33⅛c; July, opened 33¾c, closed 33¼c. Oats—No. 2 May, opened 24⅝c, closed 24⅝c; June, opened 24c, closed 24¼c; July, opened 24c, closed 24¼c. Pork—May, opened $12.75, closed $12.60; July, opened $13.25, closed $13.35. Lard—May, opened $6.45, closed $6.40.

Live stock—The stock yards report the following range of prices: Hogs—Market opened slow and weak, with prices 5@10c lower; light grades, $4.00@4.30; rough packing, $4.05@4.15; mixed lots, $4.10@4.30; heavy packing and shipping lots, $4.30@4.35.

Cattle—Beeves below best quality 10c lower; other grades steady at $3.30@4.50; cows and mixed, $1.50@3.30; stockers and feeders, $2.25@3.80; grass Texans, $2.80@4.25. Sheep—Dull; lower; muttons, $4.50@5.85; corn-fed westerns, $5.00@5.70; lambs, $5.30@6.70.

Produce: Butter—Fancy Elgin, 20@20½c per lb; fine creameries, 17@18c; dairies, finest, fresh, 14@17c; fresh packing stock, 4@6c. Eggs—Strictly fresh, 11c per doz. Dressed poultry—Chickens, 9½@10c per lb; turkeys, 10@12c; young hens, 15@15½c; ducks, 12@14c. Apples—Fair to choice, $3.00@4.50 per bbl.

Broom Corn—Hurl, 6@7c per lb; whisk brush, 5½@6¼c; green, self-working, 4½@5¼c; inside and covers, 4@5c; common brush, 3½@4c; crooked, 2@3½c.

New York.

NEW YORK, April 21.

Wheat—No. 2 red winter 93½@93¾c cash; do May, 96; do June, 94¾c; do July, 92¾c. Corn—No. 2 mixed 42¾c cash; do May, 31¼c; do June, 30¾c. Oats—Dull but steady; No. 2 mixed, 33½@33c cash; do May, 31¼c; do June, 30¾c. Rye—Dull and Nominal. Barley—Dull and nominal. Pork—Quiet; mess, $13.75@14.00 for new. Lard—Quiet and steady; May, $6.67; June, $6.75.

Live stock: Cattle—Market firm; steers, $4.10@5.00 ₩ 100 lbs; extras, $5.10@5.30; bulls and dry cows, $1.80@3.80. Sheep and lambs—Market firm; unshorn sheep, $6.00@7.10 ₩ 100 lbs; clipped do, $5.00@6.25; unshorn yearlings, $7.00@8.00; clipped do, $6.00@6.75; spring lambs, $8.00@4.50 each. Hogs—Market steady; live hogs, $4.40@4.90 ₩ 100 lbs.

A Thirty-five Ton Stone.

The largest and heaviest building stone ever quarried in England was taken from the Plankington quarry near Norwich, in February, 1889. It was in one piece, without crack or flaw, and weighed 35 tons. It was 15 feet long, 6 feet high and 5 feet wide.—St Louis Republic.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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CHICAGO, APRIL 26, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE,
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. — Henry E. Dixey.

McVICKER'S THEATRE,
Madison-st., between Dearborn and State—Marie Wainright.

COLUMBIA THEATRE,
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Robert Downing.

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Mr. and Mrs. Kendall.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"The Fakir."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"The Twelve Temptations."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Kidnapped."

JACOB'S CLARK STREET THEATRE.
Corner of North Clark and Kinzie Streets—"Uncle Tom's Cabin."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison.—Corinne in Florence Bindley.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

IRELAND HAS FALLEN ON EVIL DAYS.

The situation of affairs in Ireland continues gloomy and unpromising. The English parliament is, as usual, doing nothing but permitting the discussion of bills intended to throw dust in the eyes of Ireland and the outside world. Balfour's Land Purchase bill, which, on the surface, may seem beneficial to the tenant farmers, is meant, as a matter of fact, to denationalise that element. Mr. Parnell seems inclined to accept some features of the measure, but not all. He is, as usual, conservative in his action. The more radical section of the Irish parliamentary party does not like the bill, but, of course, it will yield to the will of the recognized leader.

Evictions still continue in many parts of the island. The soldiers and police assist the sheriffs and bailiffs in their unholy work, and the faces of the poor emigrants still turn tirelessly toward the Atlantic. They know that beyond it lies hope and, perhaps, fortune, while on their side of it lies despair and, possibly, degradation. Ireland's pulse is slow and feeble now. The burning thoughts that used to send the flush to her cheek and the spirit to her heart are no longer uttered in prose or poetry. All that is changed under the new regime. Shamrocks—the three leaves held together by the bloody English crown—bloom on the face of *United Ireland*, but they look, desecrated as they are by the royal *pot de chambre*, like ulcers rather than trefoils. "Loyal" toasts are now honored glibly by the lips of Irishmen, who worship the alluring fetish of that dangerous English "friendship," which is only the slime wherewith the Saxon serpent beslavers Ireland in order the more readily to swallow her. Englishmen are now the honored guests of Dublin and other Irish towns. They are given such "freedom" as those miserable remnants of once free Irish cities possess. They are beslobbered with praise that must make them blush to hear, as it makes us blush to read it. The whole thing is a whimsical mockery.

Irish orators have begun to discover "good points" in their English neighbors. So are there also good points and handsome spots in beasts of prey. Nothing is more treacherous, or dangerous, than a pet lion or a pampered tiger. There is not about the Irish cause of today, as exemplified by apparently popular methods, a single thing that appeals to Irish national sentiment. Politics without sentiment is like a body without a soul. This explains the present dearth of Irish literary genius. Justin McCarthy, in a recent very able article, said that Irish brains have all run to politics, of late years. Yes, because the Irish have, of late, been carefully drilled out of sentiment. Even T. D. Sullivan became ashamed, or afraid, of his early ballads, and, at Dublin banquets, "God Save the Queen" has usurped the place of "God Save Ireland." Who, at this day, ever hears "The Memory of the Dead," or "Native Swords" sung at an Irish gathering in Ireland? In reading the Irish "national" papers one is forced to the conclusion that the men who edit them are devoid of earnestness. Their matter is frequently dull and not unfrequently demoralizing to the youth of Ireland. The latter are growing up with certain notions of materialism—the very thing Thomas Davis dreaded nearly fifty years ago. "If once the enthusiasm goes out of our people," said the noble poet and patriot to one still living, but rather degenerate, "the cause is hopeless."

Well, has the enthusiasm left the people? THE CITIZEN has long been sick of the English parliament and all its environments. It is a great house of political demoralization, if not prostitution. The reports of the proceedings in that nest of British trickery act as an ematic on THE CITIZEN. Shades of departed Irish dupes or knaves, how you must shicker as you hear the same old hand organ tune played over and over again for the tickling of credulous Irish ears! Oh, how dreary it has become, this everlasting, inane gabble in the English goose pen! Well may Ireland weep for the manly days of '98, the brilliant days of Young Ireland, and the brave intentions of the sadly destined men of 1865 and '67.

But what can they do, those unarmed Irish? Well, respect themselves at least. There is no need to print the felonious English crown on the outraged shamrock in a "national" journal. The "literary" ass who conceived such an idea ought to have his mulish ears cropped for his pains. May he never cease braying until he is imprisoned as a nuisance in Satan's private pound! Oh, for an hour of Mitchel to scorch such idiots with tongue and pen of living fire! He died in good time, that unshrinking rebel. Newry, which holds his dust, has within her ancient precincts the saving salt of Mitchel. His noble relics ward off the wrath of God from a people who have turned from the prophet upon Sinai to the senseless idol at its base. Will no Irish Moses arise to turn the thoughts of his people again to the God of Freedom, who frowns upon their degeneracy from the summit of the sacred mount?

And at home, as well as abroad, there is faction and bitterness between the sons of a common soil. The cloud "not larger than a man's hand" at first, seems traveling up the horizon, relieved by occasional glimpses of the sun. THE CITIZEN abhors the evil spirit of faction, and despises it. Manly difference of opinion is one thing; cowardly malignity quite another. If the Irish cannot come to an understanding among themselves, how are they ever going to encompass the humiliation of their ancient enemy? England, in one form or another, pats Irish faction upon the back everywhere. She stoops her head, puts her hands upon her knees, and cheers on the rival snarlers. This has always been her policy, but some Irishmen, blinded by the rabies of factious hatred, cannot see it. How long, God of power and of patience, is this odious curse to prevail among our race?

PHYSICAL DEGENERACY OF THE ENGLISH.

One of the most suggestive and interesting articles that ever appeared in an English magazine may be seen in the *Fortnightly Review* for April. It treats on the physique of European armies, and gives a gigantic mass of most interesting statistical information on the subject.

The author is an Englishman; he, of course, talks the old nonsense about "British pluck," but it has to be admitted that the article is, in one sense, very unlike the generality of articles written by Englishmen,—it is on the whole unprejudiced, and there seems in it an evident desire to get at the truth, and to draw proper deductions from it. The title of the article is "The Physique of European Armies." It entirely explodes the idea that the difference in the stature and weight of the men who make up the armies of the different nationalities that rule Europe, would be of the slightest importance in deciding the results of a campaign. It shows from tabulated statements furnished the author by the different European nations, that, so far as can be judged by the data furnished, the difference in stature and weight between the armies of the nations generally supposed to possess the biggest men, and the armies of the nations that are generally supposed to possess the smallest, does not amount to more than 1 or 1½ per cent. Germans are supposed to be a great deal taller than Frenchmen, but it is shown from records furnished by the French and German governments that the minimum standard of height for recruits is almost exactly the same in both countries, and that almost exactly the same number of German and French recruits fell short of the minimum standard required, and had to be rejected.

But the revelations the article contains about the physique of the English army and English people are very startling and suggestive. The author seems to have had the statistics of English recruiting for many decades back under his eyes when he wrote the article under notice. He showed that it is now utterly impossible to procure recruits of the same stature and general physique that could be procured fifty years ago. He says that one cause of this is the falling off of recruits from Ireland. Thirty years ago, he says, 32 per cent of the British army were Irishmen, and that now there are only 13 per cent of Irish in it! This is, indeed, a great change; England may have cause to lament it, but Ireland has none.

The great fact to be gathered from this article is that the physique of the English army is degenerating, but that with the armies of continental Europe, not only is no such degeneracy to be found, but on the contrary especially with the French, a marked improvement not only in stature but in chest measurement, is plainly visible.

The author of the article says that the rapidly growing physical degeneracy of the English lower classes can be easily accounted for by the enormous growth of the town population, and the very nearly corresponding decrease in the rural population. It is England's iniquitous land system, then, that is to be blamed for the degeneracy of the English masses. The same decrease in the population of the rural districts of Scotland, and the same increase in the cities, is observable. The author says that it has recently been found by measuring and weighing many tens of thousands of people, that natives of Glasgow and Edinburgh are on an average from one to two inches shorter, and from fifteen to twenty pounds lighter than the inhabitants of the rural districts of Scotland.

England has paid dearly, and will pay still more dearly in the future, for her monstrous cities and deserted fields. No one who has not lived in London, Manchester and Glasgow can conceive of the enormous numbers of men and women in those cities who have only the stature of children of from 10 to 14 years old. The land system of the nations of continental Europe is almost exactly opposite to that of England. There is what is called a "peasant proprietary" over vast areas of continental Europe. Such a state of things does not exist in any part of Great Britain; the land is almost entirely in the hands of feudal landlords, and is let to tenants in immense farms. The people have been driven into the towns, where they become pigmies. If ever England gets into a war with some great power, and if—as she has not had to do only very rarely in the past—she has to bear the brunt without an ally, she will find that the "dwarfing cities' pale abortions" who will soon prove a vast majority of her subjects, will not be the kind of men on whom she can depend at a time of supreme trial.

A GREAT IRISH-AMERICAN ARTIST.

Miss Inez Carusi, the great singer and harpist, seems the coming musical star of America. In spite of her very pronounced Italian name, she can be called an Irish-American, because both herself and her father were born in this country, and because she is altogether of Irish extraction on her mother's side. Miss Carusi never received a greater ovation than at the enormous "feis ceoil," or musical festival, held at Steinway Hall, New York, on Easter Tuesday, and in spite of the fact that William Ludwig, considered the greatest baritone in the world, sang on the same stage and to the same audience. Miss Carusi's passion is Celtic music. She admits our Irish melodies to be the most beautiful in the world, and seems to pour forth her whole soul into them. Those who only heard her at Battery D in November, 1888, can form no idea of the wondrous richness and volume of her voice, for such a building as Battery D would rob the voices of even Jennie Lind or Titians of half their sweetness.

Miss Carusi will appear in Washington, D. C., on the evening of May 26, the one hundred and eleventh anniversary of the birth of Moore; and the lovers of Celtic music in the national capitol will have an opportunity of hearing it sung as they probably have never heard it sung before.

FROM NEW YORK.

A Palace for a Club House—Increasing Stage Facilities—A Working Girls' Convention.

NEW YORK, April 21.—The Stewart mansion on Fifth avenue and Thirty-fourth street will be ready for occupancy by the Manhattan Club early in May. The house has been thoroughly cleaned and will undoubtedly present a fresh and attractive appearance when the doors are finally thrown open for the members of this swell club, who will then have the finest club house in the country, if not in the world. In fact, it is nearer like a palace than anything else, and all its furnishing and appointments are in keeping with that idea. For the present the art gallery will be used as a dining-room. The club's kitchen will be down stairs as previously, but it will be much larger than before, and may finally be removed to the roof. It is worthy of note that when the club takes possession next month, there will then be left but one building in this city bearing the name of Stewart—the old down town building at the corner of Chambers street. The irony of fate could not be better illustrated than in this case of the merchant prince Stewart. His great business house is divided into numerous firms of different names, his magnificent women's hotel has long since lost its original character and name, his mansion is now a club house, and his estate has passed to one who was neither a namesake nor even a relative. Who will regret that in all this there is no encouraging ray for one whose ambition is to amass a fortune of untold millions?

A convention composed of delegates from a large number of working girls' associations throughout the country was in session last week at the Metropolitan Opera House. Many papers of an important nature and of special interest to the girls were read, and there is no doubt that the convention will be productive of much good to the thousands of women who have to toil for a living and whose numbers are growing every day. No class of people is deserving of more active assistance than the working girls whose remuneration and opportunities for employment and advancement are always far below those of the other sex. It is gratifying to see them taking such an important step towards bettering their own condition. This was the first convention of the kind ever held, and it was decided to form a national organization.

EDWIN ARLINGTON.

PRESS OPINION.

Mr. Finerty's Book Reviewed by Several of the Leading Chicago Dailies.

An Excellent "Send off" for "Warpath and Bivouac or The Conquest of the Sioux"

[*Chicago Herald, April 19.*]

CONQUEST OF THE SIOUX.

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. And it has a peculiar interest in the fact that it describes the last of the Indian wars. Never again will the red man go upon the war path, never again will the frontier settlers be harried and butchered by the treacherous savage. The war whoop has been heard for the last time. The Indians are upon their reservations and it is the business of the army to keep them there. Meantime the reservations are growing smaller, as the avaricious white man sees here or there some quantity of 'bad land' not quite so bad as that which he already occupies. Amid all this 'policing' by the army, and the general march of civilization, such as it is, the Indians are not growing in numbers, and it is not unlikely that the present generation will see in the land none but 'good Indians.'

"In May, 1876, Mr. Finerty was assigned as war correspondent to report the Big Horn and Yellowstone expedition, which was then organizing under Generals Crook and Terry in the departments of the Platte and Dakota. War had long been raging between the Sioux and the Crows, but at this time the Sioux were more particularly enraged against the whites because of the invasion of the Black Hills country, which was included in their reservation. War was consequently threatened along the frontiers of Dakota, Wyoming and Montana, and it was the object of Crook's expedition, which Mr. Finerty accompanied, to bring the Indians to terms and take away from them a large part of their possessions. Suitably equipped and introduced, Mr. Finerty was duly attached to Company E of the Third Cavalry, and about the middle of May left Fort Russell and found himself marching north in the direction of Fort Laramie. Thence the column was to continue northwesterly to Fetterman, where another column was to meet it. The united columns would then move northward until the Indians were found and overcome. The marches are graphically described by the author. The terrible 'Bad Lands,' over which they passed, the rocky defiles, the mountain cliffs, the open country, the wonderful scenery, are all portrayed with a masterly touch.

"The hardships were many, but not greater than resolute humanity can endure. Crook was always in the front, a man of iron, enduring heat and cold and every species of fatigue and discomfort with uncomplaining stolidity. His example naturally had a great effect on his command, and a more determined and heroic little army never moved against an enemy. In that command there were no non-combatants, and all the correspondents on the expedition bore arms as heroically as the common soldiers. Mr. Finerty takes occasion to praise his various newspaper associates, though he speaks naught of himself. Nevertheless those who know our fellow townsman know that the field of battle would have no terrors for him. He was in many battles and skirmishes, but in none did he meet with so close a call as in the famous 'Sibley scout.'

It was after the battle of the Rosebud, in which Crook had repulsed an attack of the Sioux, but was unable to follow them, much to his dissatisfaction. Some days after that battle, while still awaiting reinforcements, the general determined to send out a reconnoitering party to locate the Indian village and observe the country. Lieutenant Frederick W. Sibley, of Troop E, Second Cavalry, with twenty-five picked men, was detailed to accompany the scouts, Frank Gruard and Baptiste Pourier. Mr. Finerty volunteered to accompany the party, and, with great reluctance, General Crook acceded to the request, warning the daring journalist that he might get into more trouble than he anticipated. However, Finerty stood firm, was duly furnished with 100 rounds of ammunition, and, on the 6 h of July, the party left on their dangerous mission. And it was in fact more dangerous than any one foresaw. In two days they ran into a large war party of the Cheyennes, commanded by White Antelope, a chief famed for courage and skill. How they were nearly surrounded, how the brave heroes fought, how the coolness and skill of Gruard, the scout, finally brought them safely off, after an unparalleled march over the rocky passes and abysses of the mountains, is told with great spirit and is one of the most interesting chapters of the book. But aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West. An excellent map shows the theatre of the war.

"From the press of Donohue & Henneberry, Chicago. Publication office, Unity Building, No. 79 Dearborn street."

A REVIEW.

[*Chicago Times, April 19.*]

"'War Path and Bivouac' is the title of a very attractive volume of some 460 pages written by John F. Finerty, of this city, which has just been published. It is the story of the conquest of the Sioux Indians, and it tells the whole thrilling narrative of the campaign upon the Rosebud, one incident of which, as every one will recall, was the massacre of Custer and his entire command.

"Mr. Finerty was the correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, who was attached to General Crook's command during the operations of 1876, and who afterward served this paper throughout the other campaigns in the northwest.

"He tells himself the manner in which he was sent off upon the arduous piece of duty which he performed so well. Provided with letters from Gen Sheridan to Gen Crook, Finerty was soon at the rendezvous of Fort Fetterman, having plenty opportunity in the meantime to make friends with the officers of the command, who were, like him, hastening to the front. Some of his sketches of these men are exceedingly graphic and interesting, and many are the anecdotes of the bivouac that sparkle through the pages.

"The command was under fire for the first time at the ford of Tongue river, but the really serious business began at the battle of the Rosebud. As to the duties of a correspondent under the circumstance Mr. Finerty declares:

[Quotation.]

"Under such a theory it is not to be wondered that the writer managed to see a good deal of the subsequent proceedings.

"The Sioux rapidly drove in Crook's friendly Indian skirmishers, and about 8:30 a. m. on the morning of June 17, 1876, boldly offered battle. The bullets were singing uncomfortably close to the heads of Col. Mills' battalion, with whom Finerty had taken his place, when an aide dashed up. Here is a picture of what followed:

[Quotations.]

"The fight went on with various fortunes for hours. The Sioux held the third ridge stubbornly and Crook resolved to bring matters to a crisis. Mills, by a dangerous march through a long canon flanked the savages and they sullenly withdrew, carrying off their wounded and most of their dead. The affair ended at 2 o'clock, after nearly six hours hard pounding.

"July 6 began the most perilous service that Mr. Finerty was called upon to do for the *Times*, for this day began the celebrated Sibley scout, which he accompanied through a region teeming with hostile Sioux, and out of which he came after as narrow an escape as most men have to record.

"The object of the scout was to locate the Indian village at the base of the mountains, toward the Little Big Horn. For about twenty four hours there was little incident, and then they almost ran in upon Sitting Bull's whole war party, which they found in an unsuspected defile just above the Little Big Horn.

[Quotations.]

"After a desperate fight, the noise of which brought up hundreds of other Indians, all anxious for a share in the fun, Lieut. Sibly withdrew the party back further into the woods, leaving the horses, and a curious note in the book at this time is the manner in which the author picked up a crocus and forget me nots as a souvenir of the spot which he occupied on the skirmish line. They drew safely out of the trap, the Indians still potting away at the place they had been and at their abandoned horses, while the scouting party was putting as many miles of forest and rock and gorges in between as possible. They were now fifty miles away from the command, with Sitting Bull everywhere in between. They threaded their way through, however, twice just escaping the police of bands of hostiles by the merest accident, and at 10 o'clock Sunday morning got back safely with the information that the Indians were in the neighborhood.

[Quotations from account of Slim Buttes Fight.]

"Space is too limited to continue these quotations from Mr. Finerty's interesting and valuable work, and the *Times* can only refer its readers to the book which its former correspondent has written as an excellent and valuable history of the last campaign which will ever be fought against hostile Indians in the United States. It is the last chapter of a long and bloody narrative, and it is well told.

MR FINERTY'S WORK

[*Chicago Times' Editorial, April 20.*]

Celebration of the Columbian quadricentennial will find the North American savage almost extinct. The aborigine whom the great explorer found in the West Indies was not near kin to the fierce race that had their habitat in the north continent. The savage of the islands did not deserve the name. He was gentle, tractable, instantly ready to accept the white man as a god. Soft thewed and spiritless, he turned against the new comers only when driven to revolt by dire oppression and encouraged by overwhelming strength of numbers. The North American Indian was made of sterner stuff. He has been slowly driven from the Atlantic littoral, from the St. Lawrence, from Cape Cod, from the James, from the Hudson, until the remnant of his race, their spirit broken, their glory departed, give themselves up to gluttony and impotent murmurings of vengeance. They live now upon fixed and limited reservations of the boundless continent that was their ancestors', and over which roamed a perennial source of subsistance, the immense herds of bison, few specimens of which survive. Compelled to retire before the restless spirit of the invading pioneer, backed by the arms of a civilization whose potency the aborigine has never been able to comprehend, the North American Indian withdrawing gradually behind the Alleghanies, the great lakes, the Mississippi, and to the head waters of the Missouri and the base of the Rockies has given terrible account of himself. Every forward step of invasion is marked by massacre. Within the present century every inhabitant of what was the frontier post of Chicago fell under the tomahawk of the savage and within fifty years the Black Hawk wars raged through the valleys of northern Illinois. While the Army of the Potomac confronted Lee in the land where Powhattan once held sway the scalping knife of the Sioux was busy in Minnesota. The Indian has made his centuries-long march toward the setting sun in awful sullenness. He has not been without fortunings of the doom of his race, the melancholy doom of utter extirpation in the land of his forefathers. While he had an arm to strike he took his revenges.

The North American Indian decimated, degraded, spiritless is no longer powerful for mischief. Four hundred years after the discovery of the new world the day of the Indian fighter is at an end. The race is completely conquered. Some minor outbreaks aside—such affairs as the Modoc war in the lava beds, the rebellion and the long, masterful march of Chief Joseph of the Nez Perces, and the raid of the Apaches that terrified Arizona—the last great outbreak, the sudden flaring up of the candle before it flickers and goes out forever, was the Sioux war of 1876, when Custer and his troopers were exterminated. The awful massacre drew the eyes of civilization upon the North American savage struggling as it were in the last ditch. A contemporaneous historian of that campaign, conducted in a country then little known, a wild and rugged country, was the young writer for the Chicago *Times*. * * * It fell to Mr Finerty to write the closing chapter in the history of 400 years of Indian warfare. He heard the dying war song of the last of the militant North American savages. He saw the final flash of the tomahawk buried there forever. The conquest commenced by the gold-hunting Spaniard, the cavalier on the James, the puritan on Cape Cod was finished on the Rosebud.

"Mr. Finerty, taking up the theme anew, has presented it in permanent form with all historical accuracy and with that picturesqueness which an episode so memorable in the annals of the republic, so strong in color, so exciting in incident, so momentous to a once mighty race, demands.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

[*To the Editor.*]

After the figures submitted by Mr. John Schlerg, of Milwaukee, let us hope the question of compulsory education will be taken out of politics and allowed to die a natural death. It will be remembered the great argument used by those urging this measure (whose real object is so transparent) was the necessity of keeping the English language from collapsing in this country, and the prevention of children growing up in ignorance. Both positions are the most unmitigated rot. Who is such a fool as to suppose, for instance, that any foreign child can grow up in this country without learning English, whether he goes to school or not—whether he ever learns his A B C's even? Why even the Digger Indians at our frontier posts, who would not know a book from a boot jack, or a letter of the alphabet from a comet, all know English—having learned it in spite of the contracted facilities of their surroundings. And yet these agitators would have us to believe it possible for the children of a people as intelligent as the Germans to pass all their lives from infancy to old age in the populous districts of these United States without learning English, and the only way to prevent such a calamity is to compel them to spend twelve weeks every year in a school. No, no, my good friends, the school where foreigners will learn all the English they require is co extensive with the continent itself, and contains sixty-five million teachers. But then, reading, writing, arithmetic, knowledge of the history of the country, other elementary branches and the like, are all abundantly taken care of already, I assure you, in the public, private, and parochial schools; and the whole question of the necessity of compulsion is narrowed down consequently to the consideration of the degree of attendance at the schools. It will be remembered that in the recent campaign in Wisconsin, Governor Hoard stated that 50,000 children in that commonwealth between the ages of 7 and 14 years were going to no school whatever. The statement gave a shock not only to fanatics who seem to have public schools on the brain, but to all others interested in the enlightenment and advancement of the human race. The press, often shallow and superficial, took up the cry, and made these figures the key note of the campaign. Who does not remember the jeremiads in the papers. They set up such a howl as to attract the attention of the whole country, and many of them following without the time or the means to go to the fountain head for information were constrained to believe there was a desperate state of affairs that really required to be remedied. The election, however, went against the shrieking dervishes, and ever since they have been harping on the necessity of making compulsory education a state issue in the elections next fall. Upon what grounds? Why upon the correctness of Governor Hoard's statement that in Wisconsin fully 50,000 children were not attending schools of any sort, and were therefore growing up in ignorance, not only of English, but everything else constituting the elements of good citizenship. But here is where Mr. John Schlerg steps in and proves the Governor's figures and consequently all the arguments founded therein to be the veriest moonshine.

MR SCHLERG'S STATEMENT.

Number of children in Wisconsin between 7 and 14 years		284,636
Number of such children who attend the public schools		210,057
Not attending public schools		73,979
Number of children in Protestant schools	22 000	
Number of children in Catholic schools	36 788	
Number of children in Episcopal schools	250	
Number of children in Private schools	2 000	
Number of children in Charity schools	500	
Number of children in Scandinavian schools	2 000	
Number of children in Private Charity schools	500	
Incapable of attending school	2 000	
		65 538
		8,441

It would appear from this table the papers referred to were crying more than they were hurt. Governor Hoard has been, in their case a veritable blind leader for the blind, for under his guidance they have all tumbled into a pit. If these people delirious with envy and bigotry want to have the privilege of interfering in parochial schools, let them invent more intelligent pretexts than the Bennett or compulsory education laws. Certainly if this question is taken into politics and forced upon us, we couldn't find easier opponents to vanquish than the idiots who would pretend the only way of preventing the English language from degenerating in this country into Low Dutch, or the whole country from being swamped with superstition and ignorance, is to give our children a twelve weeks course of literary physic at schools that, public or private, must be under their special supervision. We do not deny compulsory education should be resorted to under some circumstances. Our sincerity may be doubted in stating this, but to prove it we will say most emphatically right here, we are in favor of sending Governor Hoard and many of these howling newspaper maniacs back to school tomorrow, to teach them both to use better grammar and to prepare more correct statistics.

CONSERVATIVE

IRISH PATRIOTS.

Proceedings of the Executive Committee of the Irish National League.

Ringing Resolutions Adopted—A Convention to be Held in Baltimore if Parnell Approves.

[*St. Louis Republic, April 22.*]

The adjourned meeting of the executive committee of the Irish National League of America convened yesterday morning at the Lindel Hotell. Mr. John Fitzgerald occupied the chair, and opened the meeting with some preliminary remarks. He was extremely pleased with the elegant reception tendered the delegates Wednesday evening, a full account of which had appeared in that morning's *Republic*, and he felt that he was expressing the pure sentiments of the executive body when he said that their visit to St. Louis would be a memorable one, full of deep sympathy for the Irish cause, and a gratifying test of the loyalty and love of their fellow-countrymen in St. Louis on the question of legislative independence for the people af Ireland.

O'Neill Ryan, chairman of the local committee, felt deeply the compliments and tribute of respect paid to the sentiments of himself and friends, and in such graceful terms as that gentleman can acquit himself, thanked the president of the League for his words of kindness. A general discussion on the question then took place, during which several of the distinguished visitors spoke, after which the committee on resolutions appointed at Wednesday's meeting said they were ready to report. The committee was composed of Rev. J. Foley, Rev. W. Flannery, A. J. Coloran T. J. Morris and O'Brien Atkinson. The meeting adjourned at 2:30 p. m. for luncheon and reassembled at 3:15 p m, when debate on the resolutions above referred to was opened, but prior to the resumption of debate the meeting unanimously resolved to receive Mayor Noonan, who was introduced to the meeting by O'Neill Ryan.

THE MAYOR'S ADDRESS.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Irish National League of America—I am proud to meet you, not alone as nationalists and Irishmen, but as chief magistrate of this city. I am glad to welcome you to St. Louis, and can only say it is at your service. Most of you are well up in the demonstration of the Irish question, and on speaking to that subject, for I never knew a man of your race or my race that would not speak a great deal when he started. I will not delay you now by speech making on the merits of our people here, only to impress upon you that you are with a generous, hospitable and firm people, whose every word to our cause and race is hospitality itself. The subject of your deliberations I may say, gentlemen, has always had from me a deep sympathy, perhaps a great deal more than from those who pretend to follow the outlines of its principles, but naturally more the sacredness of its cause. However, the individuality of those people and the restriction of their numbers made their action of no avail and deprived their words of weight. They are not a factor in the cause of a land that requires clever men to champion just claims; men who, independent of setbacks, consider the cause to be as good today as it ever has been in the history of Irish affairs. Parnell and Gladstone are moving in the right direction, and I am glad to see them do it. It is a most difficult thing to control the intense fire, love and patriotism which have arisen from the wrongs inflicted on Ireland in the past and up to the present time—a passion of love so embittered by sincerity that it was unparalleled in the history of any people of the world. And while it has accomplished much, this intense type of patriotism knows only the fire of the patriot, and he, too, knows it has done much in forging to the front a noble cause."

The mayor concluded amid applause.

DR. O'REILLY RESPONDS.

Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, who made such a brilliant oration on Wednesday evening, replying for the body, said:

"Mr. Mayor, we humbly acknowledge the tribute of respect you have paid us. Your welcome to us is an extreme pleasure in its accord and enjoyment. The purpose of our meeting is thoroughly understood by you if we are to judge by your expressions and your remarks. It is well that Ireland has us even to look after her interests. The English government, called the representatives of the Irish cause into the forum of reason, and then cast them into the dungeons of Kilmainham and Tullamore. From the one issued forth the no rent manifesto; from the other came William O'Brien and the Tenants' Defense League, to which, let me tell you, gentlemen, the Irish peasants have contributed in the last six months $300 000; a self imposed tax to fight landlordism that shows their terrible earnestness in this cause, and proves them worthy of the magnificent financial support the League has given them. Well have you said, Mr. Mayor, that the Irish people have shown

GREAT SELF RESTRAINT

in repressing the natural indignation and passion of the human heart, stirred to its profoundest depths by the insolence of power and the oppression of an alien government, and kept within the lines of the constitutional policy marked out by Charles Stewart Parnell, he who wisely said, 'No man can circumscribe the advance of a people.' We have stood by him as an auxiliary force, only waiting to know his wishes; eager and earnest to see that they are carried out.

"We meet here, Mr. Mayor, as the representatives of the Irish National League of America. Every man present represents the constituency, in this case of a separate State of our Union. Powerful in organization and unselfish in purpose, we have labored to justify the approbation and support of the American people, ever ready to respond to the plea of suffering and oppressed humanity. And firm are we in the resolve to continue the good work until the blessings of self government shall be enjoyed by the Irish people, and they shall once again be crowned with the glory of nationhood." (Loud and prolonged applause.)

The Mayor left after Dr. O'Reilly had finished speaking, and the meeting continued. The resolutions were taken up.

THE RESOLUTIONS.

"The national committee of the Irish National League of America recalls the story of Ireland and the continued oppression of her people.

"We reiterate and approve the principles embodied in the seven resolutions passed at the last Irish National League convention.

"We congratulate our race upon the masterly administration of their contributions by the executive officers of the League of America, and we commend those gentlemen to your confidence.

"We regret that our enemy has been able to plant a few seeds of discontent, but we congratulate Irishmen and their sons upon the faithful support given our officers all over this continent and the warm assurances of future aid from all known quarters.

"We note with joy that Irish parliamentary success is now obstructed only by the worthless official life of England's present rulers, and we are inspired with renewed hope by the continual series of victories in England, Wales and Scotland wherever a vacancy occurred or the people have obtained an opportunity to express their will at the polls.

"We thank the American press for refusing to coin slanders against our cause or publish those printed elsewhere, and we note with gratitude the warm support we have received from it in our efforts to establish home rule in Ireland.

"We congratulate all Irish Americans upon their vindication when recently put on trial before the Parnell commission, and our only regret is that the Tory judges did not find us more energetic and more earnest in support of the plans of the Irish Parliamentary party. And to the Liberal party in England we pledge ourselves to persist in well doing upon the same lines and under the present leaders until Ireland has an Irish parliament and her people are blessed with home rule.

"We invoke the support of Heaven upon the men of gallant Tipperary who abandoned their homes and fortunes rather than be made instruments for the oppression of tenants upon the notorious Ponsonby estates; and we pray for increased blessings on their new city and their new habitations.

"We deeply regret the death of the Hon. Samuel J. Randall of America, whose voice was raised for us in the infancy of our struggle and whose latest utterances were worthy of his stainless and magnificent public career.

"We deplore the death in Ireland of Joseph Gillis Biggar and Matthew Harris, whose long and useful lives present only success and sacrifices for the cause of Ireland; and to their successors we commend the unspotted example they have left behind.

"We urge a campaign of education upon Irish questions in the United States and Dominion of Canada until the justice of our cause shall be known wherever men read or listen, and we appeal to the sons and grandsons of Irish emigrants to add lustre to their American birth by helping to restore nationhood to the land of their ancestors.

"We congratulate the tenants of Ireland on the signal success of their Defense Association, and on the exhibition of manhood it has evoked, and we hereby commend the Tenants' Defense Fund to the generous support of every friend of oppressed humanity."

The above resolutions were taken up one by one and discussed and were finally adopted.

PLACE SELECTED FOR A CONVENTION.

The question of holding a convention this year was an important item of the afternoon session. After a general conference among the members, it was decided to select a place for holding a convention, provided, of course, that Mr Parnell approved of such action. The secretary stated that no word had yet been received from that gentleman in answer to the cablegram sent Wednesday, and they should await the word of their chieftain before they could say whether or not a convention should be held. In order to prevent the necessity of calling another meeting, should Parnell's answer arrive too late to be acted on, and should such answer recommend a convention, and as some of the delegates intended leaving for home this morning, it was considered advisable to appoint a place to convene. On the motion of Mr. Daniel Corkery, of Chicago, seconded by Rev. Charles O'Reilly, of Detroit, it was decided that if a convention is to be held it shall be held in Baltimore.

DINNER AT DR O'REILLY'S

Several of the members were entertained at dinner last evening by Dr. Thos. O'Reilly. Among them were John Fitzgerald, of Lincoln; Judge J. W. Fitzgerald, of St. Mary's, Kan.; Rev. J Foley, of Iowa; O'Brien Atkinson, of Michigan; Rev. W. Flannery, of Ontario; Rev. J. Power, Dr. R. O'Reilly, P. McCahill and J. J. O'Leary, of St. Louis, and Rev. Dr. O'Reilly, of Detroit. Numerous toasts were drunk and responded to during the evening.

Judge Fitzgerald, of Kansas, said they were no longer a divided and conquered people. He could hardly express his thanks for the reception accorded himself and friends in St. Louis. They had all got pretty satisfactory proof of the hospitality of his fellow countrymen here. The Irish stood before the world tonight not a mere fragment of a government, not as a suppressed colony, but as a people inspired by the spirit and the resolution of distinct nationality. He thought the Irish leaders deserved the gratitude of the Irish people.

Rev. Father Power rendered some splendid music and sang some of Ireland's enthusing melodies during the evening.

The remainder of the delegates were conveyed in carriages to the Olympic Theatre to witness the production of "The Goodoliers." O Neill Ryan had charge of the arrangements and escorted the gentlemen to the boxes. Among those in the party were: Patrick Martin, Aubert Cassidy, of Deleware; John F. Armstrong, of Georgia; Daniel Corkery, of Illinois; Michael J. Burns, of Indiana; John T. Morris, of Maryland; P. O. Cassidy, of Nebraska; J. P. Campbell and J J O'Connor, of New York; Major Gleason, of Ohio; P. J. Hanigan and James Kileles, of Tennessee; John J O Connor, of Texas; Charles McCarron, of Quebec, and H. J. Cloran, of Manitoba. After returning from the theatre the party formed a meeting, which the delegates, who were entertained by Dr. O Reilly, attended. Up to a late hour no message had been received from Parnell regarding the holding of a convention.

THE Chicago *Herald* pronounces "War path and Bivouac" a most fascinating and valuable work.

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

LEINSTER.

PROPOSED BY THE ARCHBISHOP.

In reference to the Nationalist victory in the poor law election for the Rotunda ward of the North Dublin Union it is worthy of note that Mr. Brooke, the Coolgreany evictor, nominated the defeated Tory, whilst his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin proposed the successful Nationalist.

A RACE HORSE BURNED.

A fire occurred at Ballymorris, Portarlington, where Mr John Hubert Moore's racing establishment is situate, on Saturday night, March 29. It appears that the fire was confined to the box which was occupied by the well known chaser Dead Heat, and the horse sustained such injuries that he succumbed.

KING'S COUNTY ASSIZES.

At the King's county assizes Florence Mahony was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for the manslaughter of James Greaney. Jeremiah Davoren, of Templemore, was acquitted on the charge of stealing heifers belonging to the land corporation. Timothy Sullivan was tried for the third time on the charge of posting boycotting notices at Firies, Kerry, and, being found guilty, was sentenced to four months' imprisonment.

LORD ATHLUMNEY'S CASE.

Under a receiving order made in the case of Lord Athlumney, of Curzon street and Meath, a lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards, accounts have now been furnished showing liabilities of £11,223 for bills which his lordship had been induced to accept, and in respect of which he states he received consideration to the extent of £1,350 only, to be held by him in trust for one of the parties to the bills. There are also mortgage debts of about £28,500, and the assets are estimated at £1,563. The public examination will take place on April 23.

A ONE SIDED COURT.

An extraordinary scene occurred at the Athlone quarter sessions on March 29, in connection with an action brought by Mr. Thomas Greene against a tenant named Flynn to recover two years' rent. The judge, Mr. O'Connor Morris, Q.C., refused to allow the defendant's evidence to be concluded stating that it was a clear case of fraud on the part of the defendant. Some warm words passed between the judge and Mr. Burke, solicitor for defendant, and a decree having been given for £30 and costs, the solicitor announced his intention of appealing to a court which would hear both sides.

CRUELLY ILL TREATED AN OLD WOMAN.

At the Naas quarter sessions, before Judge Darley, Mr. W. G. White, solicitor for Mr. Peter de Penthony J. O'Kelly, applied for an order directed to two special bailiffs for the removal of four huts for the shelter of the evicted tenants on the farm of Mrs. Mary Kelly at Clongorey. Mr. E. W. Hurley, for the tenant, applied for a postponement. The tenant was an old woman of 80 years of age, and on her way to the jail she was cruelly ill treated by the bailiffs. She was discharged in consequence of her health giving way under the prison treatment. His Honor said that Mr. Kelly was not a necessary witness in the case. He would make an order for the removal of the huts, and would refuse costs in the motion.

THE UNIVERSITY REPRESENTATION.

A vacancy in the parliamentary representation of the University of Dublin is likely to take place this season by the elevation of the attorney general to the bench. A large number of electors are dissatisfied with a custom which has made the University a rather close borough for law officers. Already Mr. J. Lowry, who is not a lawyer, has announced his intention to contest the seat, and the latest announcement is that Mr. W. I. Wheeler, surgeon to the City of Dublin Hospital, will be a candidate. Mr. Wheeler has already received many promises of support.

MUNSTER.

TENDERED HIS RESIGNATION.

Owing to the pressure of professional business Mr. Patrick O'Hea, M.P., has tendered Mr. Parnell his resignation. Mr. O'Hea is a Cork gentleman, a solicitor, and Nationalist member for the West Division of county Donegal.

MURDERED HIS FATHER.

At the Cork assizes on Thursday, before Judge Andrews, the trial of Thomas Brennan was concluded. The prisoner was charged with the wilful murder of his father, Denis Brennan, a bailiff, on the 2d of December last. The jury found a verdict of manslaughter, and the prisoner was sentenced to twenty years' penal servitude.

CONVICTED OF ASSAULT.

At Tralee on Monday, March 31, three men were sentenced to imprisonment and to give bail afterwards for future good behavior, for having waylaid and assaulted the chairman and another member of the Tralee board of guardians because they had been successful in an election in which the culprits' friends had been defeated.

THREE MEN DROWNED.

A canoe with three men, while crossing lately from the county Clare to the South Island of Arran was swamped and all hands perished. Even the little marketings the poor fellows were bringing home were lost. Thirteen persons, including aged parents, widows, and orphans were left wholly unprovided for, and would have been obliged to go to the workhouse but for the timely aid of £10 sent to Sir Thomas Brady by the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners Society. He now acknowledges other subscriptions and solicits further aid.

REWARD FOR VALUABLE SERVICE.

Mr. John O'Hart, of Kilkee, county Clare, late of Ringsend, Dublin, has on the recommendation of the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M P., first lord of the treasury, been granted by her Majesty £100 from the Royal Bounty Fund in recognition of Mr O'Hart's valuable and unbiased labors in the field of ancient Irish literature.

TROUBLE AMONG GUARDIANS.

At the weekly meeting of the Bantry board of guardians a resolution was passed on the motion of Mr Gilhooley, M.P., calling the attention of the local government board to the action of the chairman in refusing to receive resolutions duly proposed and seconded by members of the board.

BANTRY BOARD OF GUARDIANS.

A most stormy and violent meeting of the Bantry Board of Guardians took place recently, Mr. J. E. Barrett, J. P., presiding. There was a large attendance of members present, among them being Mr. J. Gilhooly, M. P. Messrs. J E. Barrett, J.P. and J. Gilhooly, M.P. were proposed by the Conservatives and Nationalists respectively for the chairmanship. After a lengthy and heated discussion a poll was taken, when the former was declared elected by a majority of three, the numbers being—For Mr. Barrett 14; for Mr. Gilhooly, 11. The vice and deputy vice chairs were taken by the Conservatives also.

EMERGENCYMAN ARRESTED.

An Emergencyman, at Templemore, after the fair, call at the hotel and claimed a cost on a car as his property. The hostler, who did not know him, refused to allow him to take it, and he then, as alleged, discharged a revolver which he was carrying, but without injuring the hostler. The emergencyman was arrested and will be brought before the next court of petty sessions.

CONNAUGHT.

COERCION FOR AN EDITOR.

Mr. James McAuley, sub editor of the Sligo *Champion*, was served with a summons under the Coercion act on March 29, for publishing reports of "suppressed" branches of the National League. Mr. McHugh, the editor and proprietor, is at present undergoing four months' imprisonment for a similar "crime."

WANT HIGHER WAGES.

The Sligo dock laborers stopped work and made a demand for an increase in their rate of payment amounting to about 50 per cent over the present rate of wages. The Sligo, from Liverpool, arrived, and lay idle all day. A large steamer at Ross' Point is being discharged afloat by Rosse's Point men as usual, but the Sligo dockmen refuse to discharge the lighters unless the work is given them at both places at the increased pay.

RE ELECTED.

At a meeting of the Tubbercurry board of guardians, on March 31, Mr. Luke Armstrong was re elected chairman.

At the meeting of the board of guardians of Manorhamilton Union, Mr. John Dolan, Mr. Laurence Munnay, and Mr. Thomas Fallon were unanimously elected chairman, vice chairman, and deputy vice-chairman respectively.

DOUBLING THE COSTS.

At the last Manorhamilton quarter sessions 140 civil bills for rent were entered; ninety of which were by the receiver on the estate of the late Col. Tottenham, M.P., Caledon Delling, Esq. About sixty decrees were granted. Some thirty five tenants were first decreed at the suit of Charles Gore Tottenham, Mr. Tottenham's eldest son, and the same batch were decreed over again by Sarah Anne Tottenham, thus doubling the costs on the unfortunate tenants. There are twenty-seven more decrees awaiting execution.

KILLED BY THE CARS.

On the morning of March 28, as the up train from Galway arrived at the railway station, Ballinasloe, the guard found that his van had passed over something on the rails. Search being made, a man named Martin Larkin, a laborer, was found lying across the line quite dead, his arm and back having been broken, and his head also sustained some injuries.

DEATH OF MR. MOORE.

We deeply regret to record the death of Mr. Laurence Moore, harbor master of Galway for over thirty years.

ULSTER.

DIED OF INFLUENZA.

Mr. John Grubb Richardson, of Bessbrook, well known as a temperance reformer, a philanthropist, and a very extensive employer of labor, died recently from the effects of an attack of influenza after about a week's illness.

VERDICT AGAINST A RAILWAY.

At the Belfast assizes Miss Wicks, daughter of the canteen keeper at the Armagh barracks, obtained a verdict, with £425 damages, against the Great Northern Railway Company for serious injuries in they Armagh railway disaster.

TRIED UNTIL FOUND GUILTY.

What is known as the Carrickmacross conspiracy case concluded on Thursday fortnight at Londonderry with a verdict of guilty, and Justice O'Brien sentenced three of the prisoners to six months and one to three months. There were two trials, in the first of which the jury disagreed.

HENRY QUINN'S CHARITY.

Mr. William Redmond received a communication from the attorney general for England stating that the scheme for the distribution of Henry Quinn's charity in Newry will soon be approved, when an order will be made directing the funds to be handed over to the Irish board of charitable donations and bequests. It is anticipated that that will be effected immediately. It will be remembered that Mr. Quinn left a very large sum of money for charitable objects in Newry.

THE Chicago *Times* says editorially that "Warpath and Pivouac" puts the finishing touch to four hundred years of Indian war history.

Now Ready

JOHN F. FINERTY'S BOOK,

"WARPATH AND BIVOUAC,

OR THE

CONQUEST OF THE SIOUX,"

All who desire to have Early Copies of the Book should send in their orders at once to the Author and Publisher.

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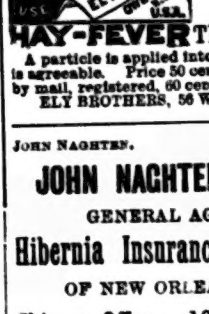

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ESTATE OF WILLIAM MICHAEL MURRY, deceased—All persons having claims against the estate of William Michael Murry, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June A. D. 1890, being the 16th day thereof. ANNA MURRY, Executrix. Dated Chicago, April 9, 1890. David Sullivan, Attorney.

SLEEP.

While children sleep
They know not that their father toils;
They know not that their mother prays—
Bending in blessing o'er their beds,
Imploring grace for after days.

While children sleep
They never dream that others work
That they may have their daily bread;
When morning comes they rise and eat,
And never ask how they are fed.

While children sleep
They do not see the shining sun—
They do not see the gracious dew,
In daily miracle of love,
Is ever making all things new.

Do we not sleep,
And know not that our Father works,
With watchful care about our way?
He bends in blessing from above—
His love broods o'er us day by day.

Do we not sleep,
And never dream that others work,
Reaping the sheaves that might be ours?
We see not how the shadows fall,
Which mark the swift departing hours.

Ah, still we sleep!
Our drowsy eyes see not the light,
See not the hands stretched out to bless,
See not that waiting for us stands
God's kingdom and his righteousness.
—Good Words.

A REPENTED HEROISM.

I.

It was not poor Ethel's fault in the least. She could not prevent Tom Kendall loving her any more than she could help being the dimpled, merry little body that she was. Tom could not have told you when he began to care for her, because as far back as he could remember Ethel had been the prettiest girl in the world to him. When she was only a very little girl, whose long yellow curls fell down to her waist, it was her school books that Tom carried; it was to her that he brought his offerings of apples and sticky taffy; to her that he sent all his valentines—valentines with impossible cupids shooting arrows through magenta colored hearts—but Ethel thought they were perfect, and side by side the two would spell out the stupid little verses.

Only a low garden wall separated the two houses, and it was quite natural that Tom should come over it every day. It was a little shorter way than around through the gate, he would say, and Ethel gazed admiringly at him as he cleared the wall at a bound. It was lonesome at home for him with only the old housekeeper and his father, and they did not take the lively interest which Ethel did in kites and dead insects. Tom's mother had died in giving birth to him, so he had never known the tender words and loving touches for which in his childish way he had unconsciously hungered. His father, a somber, studious man, lost all his interest in the world in losing the one woman who understood him and brightened his home like a sunbeam. Though he was very fond of Tom and kind to him, in his own quiet way, yet the child stood a little in awe of him, and gave his father none of the childish confidences or merry chatter which might have roused the silent man.

They were not rich, but Mr. Kendall had a small income from certain properties he owned, and on that they lived; the father among his books and studies and the son growing up as children will. It is a way they have.

Ethel's mother was a widow and wealthy. Besides being the only daughter, Ethel was an heiress in her own right, and would be mistress of a large fortune as soon as she reached the age of 22. Mrs. Van Zandt was fully alive to the importance of her daughter's prospects, but the thought of money never troubled either Tom or Ethel.

As they both grew older, however, and Ethel was almost 18, the unpleasant fact became evident to Tom that Mrs. Van Zandt disliked him. He had not noticed it as a child—perhaps the dislike was passive then—perhaps not there at all; but it certainly seemed to be there now. Her bow was frigid, her manner icy; the dear little drawing room had lost its coziness for him.

And now, unknown to Tom, the worst had happened. Mrs. Van Zandt had forbidden Ethel to have anything further to do with him, and Ethel had heard the edict in silence. Accustomed to obey, her silence was taken for assent; and Mrs. Van Zandt congratulated herself on the management with which she had settled this little affair. Unpleasant it was to her, as trouble of any kind always was, but she considered it a duty to herself that her daughter should make a brilliant match. As for the unimportant matter of her daughter's sentiments in the case, it troubled her not a bit; and as for Tom Kendall! "Pooh! all childish nonsense"—and up went the aristocratic nose. The very ribbons in her stylish breakfast cap bristled with dignity.

And Poor Tom! He could not understand, at first, why all his invitations were refused by Ethel, why she was no longer "at home" to him; no more delightful little strolls; no more rides. What was the matter? There was only one solution of the mystery, and that was one which he did not like to discuss even with himself.

One moonlit evening Ethel had gone down to the garden, and there, leaning on the little wall, was Tom. She started back, but he called her so imploringly that she half hesitated and then was lost, for in another moment she too was leaning on the garden fence.

"Oh, Tom, Tom," she whispered, "I must go back—I must."

"Now, see here, Ethel," he said, half in command, half entreaty, "what is the matter with you, anyhow? Lately you refuse to see me; you run away if I come in sight, and now you are unwilling even to speak to me. No, I shall not let you go till you tell me. Out with it!"

And as the dismal story was told Tom gnawed the ends of his mustache dillgently, and then the wretch laughed—actually laughed. She looked at him in surprise.

"Do not be angry, Ethel," he said. "Of course, it is rather serious; but do you think it will stop my loving you? Why, Ethel, dear, nothing on earth can do that. I wish, though, I had known this sooner, although I have suspected as much from the first. I shall set my wits to work at once, and we'll see, Ethel—we'll see! So don't cry. Certainly you must obey your mother as well as you can; but I have not made any promise to her, nor do I intend to give you up. We'll see!"

And a little later, as Ethel went softly up stairs, she thought to herself how wise and brave he was.

II.

The day was glorious; the salt breath of the sea swept over the yacht; the gulls dipped and rose; the little craft danced along—yes, it was a glorious day. The gay party on deck were enjoying it to the utmost, and the laughter and chat mingled with the plash of the white capped waves.

Ethel leaned against the railing and watched the ripples gliding by. Very lovely she was looking, in the soft creamy folds of her yachting costume, with the bars of gold across it, and the white wings in the little sailor hat. Lord Fenyll at her side gazed at her in approval, and considered her an awfully jolly little girl. He had met her that day for the first time, and had immediately surrendered. All the morning he had monopolized her, and Mrs. Van Zandt, at a distance, was watching the performance with great satisfaction.

Already, in her mind's eye, she saw herself installed as mother-in-law in Lord Fenyll's magnificent country house; she saw herself seated in his beautiful carriage, smiling and bowing to congratulating friends; she beheld in fancy his famous town house filled with her guests; she saw—and the rose colored vision floated quite plainly before her eyes, blotting out the sea and the sky, the ship and the scenes on deck. Mrs. Van Zandt had dozed off very comfortably.

It is possible that her slumbers would not have been so peaceful had she beheld the next act of the drama. My lord, in his eagerness to fetch Miss Van Zandt a cup of chocolate, as he returned neglected his usual caution in holding on, so that the unlucky man, ere he reached her, has succeeded in distributing the entire contents of the cup over his jaunty yachting suit. The deck was crowded, and even politeness could not restrain an audible smile. His retreat was as precipitate as his entrance.

Here was Tom's chance. He had been hovering in the distance like a bird of prey, and now he swooped down on Ethel with alacrity. His face was wreathed in smiles as he half coaxed, half compelled her to follow him to a corner, where for the present they could be comparatively alone.

"But, Tom," she pleaded, "mamma—she is watching me. I can't stay here."

"Just wait a minute," he began, imperatively. "I have been trying to speak to you all day, and that glass eyed little cad would not give any one else a chance. You must listen to me for a moment. I have an idea, a thought. I have evolved a plan which is really a stroke of genius." And then, abruptly: "Ethel, is your mother fond of you?"

"Why, yes, of course"—in surprise.

"But I mean very fond. What would she do if she were to lose you—if you were drowned, for instance?"

She looked at him askance.

"Tom," she said suddenly, "you look sane, but you do not act so. What is the matter with you? Is the sea breeze too much for you?"

"Ethel, do you love me?" he queried. irrelevantly.

All the laughter had left his face, and she saw only the passionate love and magnetism in his blue eyes—deeply, darkly blue they were now, almost black. She turned a little pale, her quick breath came yet more quickly. His face was very near hers, so near that a wanton breeze blew a stray tendril across his cheek.

"You know it," she said simply.

Was that a kiss? The sea gulls could have told, but they never did.

"Then, Ethel," he said, "I have a way. It is a little dangerous; I will not deny that. If you love me, dear, as well as I do you, you will not fear."

The hand in his trembled slightly, but she made no protest.

"I cannot give you up. This is a desperate remedy, but desperate cases need such. I am going to make a heroine of you. You must fall over the rail into the water"——

"Tom!" she gasped, staring at him with wide eyes.

"Yes—wait. You must fall into the water, you see, and then I will jump over and save your life. It will be easy. As soon as you fall I will be overboard too. Do not be afraid to trust yourself to me; there is really not much danger, because I can swim as well as I can walk. It is the only way, dear, believe me. You are not afraid?"

She considered a little.

"I see, Tom; you think mamma will be so glad to have me brought back to life that she will—will let us have our way."

"Yes, that is just it," he agreed.

"But, oh! is there not some other way? This is reckless, it is"——

"Well, Ethel," he said, "I can see no other way. I shall be sure to save you, and then—then, little girl, you are mine for always."

"But, Tom," she urged, "suppose mamma will not yield even then?"

"She will, though," he asserted confidently.

Something of his own daring spirit infected her. The spice of danger, her full confidence in his ability, their long love, otherwise hopeless—she made no further objection, but entered heart and soul into the wild scheme.

"How am I to know when to fall?"

"You must find your opportunity. Scream as you fall, and then away I will go. I shall be very near you all the remainder of the day; but do not notice me at all. You will be very careful, so that no one may see that the fall was premeditated. And—there goes the first bell! Run, Ethel! No one must know we have been talking. And, Ethel, do not let that Lord"—but she was gone.

Slowly passed the day. Luncheon was over two hours ago and the afternoon was slipping on. In the saloon the tinkle of a guitar mingled with the sound of merriment and singing; only a scattered few were left on deck. Watching the waters were Ethel and the inevitable Lord Fenyll with his inevitable eyeglass. She could not get rid of him; the miserable young man was too infatuated to perceive her abstraction.

Little by little she drew near to a part of the boat where she thought she might make the dreaded plunge most easily.

Tom, in the shadow of a sail, appeared to be absorbed in a novel. No one, not even himself, knew that the book was upside down. Ethel stole a glance at him. Will he be in time? she wondered in an agony of fear and anxiety. How blue the water was—and how deep! What if—but no! no! she would not think of that. Now was the time, she decided feverishly.

"Is not that a sail, Lord Fenyll?" she asked.

"A sail! In which direction?" Eagerly he took up his telescope. This was just the opportunity she wanted. Slowly he swept the horizon with the glass.

"Why, yes," he says. "I see it quite plainly. I can even read the name on—oh, Miss Van Zandt! Help! help!"

With a shriek of terror she had disappeared over the side; only one terrified scream, but in an instant the deck was filled with eager, frightened faces.

Lord Fenyll was rushing from one end of the place to the other, dragging with him an immense coil of rope, tangling up himself and every one else, crying out the awful accident at the top of his voice.

Mrs. Van Zandt and another lady had fainted; the gayety had vanished; all was confusion and haste.

Tom saw nothing of this. He was in the water before the echo of her voice had died away on the startled air. With firm, rapid strokes he beat the waves, and his eyes were alert to catch the first glimpse. The sun glared into his face, but he did not find her. His heart failed him. God! he could not see her! Why did she not rise? "Ethel!" he cried aloud in a frenzy. But what was that white speck yonder? Could he reach it? A moment more, only a moment more, with ebbing power, as the white face came to the surface, he threw one arm around the body. His strength all but exhausted, he was taken with his lifeless charge into the boat lowered to meet him. The glad news was shouted to the waiting yacht, and willing help was ready to greet the rescued and rescuer.

The little figure in its clinging white seemed devoid of life. The soft baby curls around her forehead clustered darkly golden; the large drops of water slipped off one by one, till there were little pools on the floor. Pale and pure and still as death itself she was—ah! pitifully still. The red, laughing lips were pallid now; the soft white hands limp and inert.

"My girl, my little girl!" moaned and sobbed Mrs. Van Zandt, and while they talked in undertones, and while tears fell, they took her below, and toiled for hours to summon back the wavering spirit.

Tom—unhappy Tom—was the hero of the hour. But he could not be quiet; he could not wait in patience. Great waves of remorse filled his breast, till the drops stood out upon his forehead and his lips whitened. The dull boom of the sea seemed to roar in his ears; he felt that lifeless body still lying passive in his arms. Never again to see her smile, never again to hear her voice, with its gentle, tender accent; never—ah, no! It could not be too late—she must not die! Up and down, outside the door, he paced, listening to each sound, wrestling with his misery, praying to God as he had never prayed before. To the excited groups, gathered here and there, he paid no attention at all, nor, indeed, did he even see them. Blind to their curiosity, deaf to their whispered words of wondering sympathy, heedless to remonstrance, alone with himself, he suffered on his mental rack. Minutes passed like hours. There was a little hope, a bare chance of life for her; but still it was hope. The glad news spread, but the suspense to Tom became still more torturing.

Suddenly the door opened again, and Mrs. Van Zandt came out.

He dropped into a chair and hid his head in his hands. He heard her coming directly toward him; to tell him—to tell him—what? And then Mrs. Van Zandt's arms were around his neck, she was calling him her dear boy, her hero; she was thanking him through her tears and sobs. He a hero! He could have laughed aloud bitterly at the mockery of it. She was telling him that Ethel had come back to them; she was a[illegible] again; she wanted to see him; w[illegible]he come? With a choking in his th[illegible], he made his way to where his l[illegible] love was lying. Mrs. Van Zandt softly closed the door, and they were alone.

White she was, like a bent lily; the damp yellow hair lay over her pillow and brushed back from her white forehead, where his eyes saw the mark of a cruel bruise, a blow as she fell; but her lips were smiling, and one hand was outstretched to him. He could not take it; he sank on his knees at her side.

"Ethel, sweetheart, can you forgive me?" he groaned, and with the words the flood gates were swept away, and he sobbed aloud: "Ethel, it was almost death—it would have been murder, and I your murderer!"

"Tom, Tom," she whispered, weakly, "do not frighten me so. I am not dead; I will soon be well now."

"Forgive me, Ethel; say you forgive me!" She stroked gently the brown head buried in the pillows.

"Yes, Tom, I forgive you."

And then he raised his haggard face at last, and a great pity swept over her tender heart. Both hands were outstretched to him now, and as he took her reverently in his arms, she murmured, so faintly that he could barely hear it, "And I love you, dear, dear Tom!"—George Wilson Prescott in Times-Democrat.

Uses of the Telephone.

A.—I told him that he was a lying thief.

B.—You have got pluck. It's a wonder he didn't break your neck.

A.—O, I told him what I thought of him through the telephone.—Texas Siftings.

A BATTLE IN KENTUCKY

Between the State Militia and Mountain Outlaws.

FIVE OF THE SOLDIERS WOUNDED.

The Troops Attacked from Ambush and Demoralized for a Short Time—Reinforcements Sent for and a Desperate Encounter Expected, as the Outlaws Swear They Will Never Surrender—The Soldiers Determined on Revenge.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 18.—Adjutant-General Hill at Frankfort received a telegram from Pineville saying that a fight had occurred on the sixteenth at Black Mountain between the state militia and mountain outlaws. Five of the soldiers were wounded. It is thought some of the mountaineers were shot but it is not known how many. The militia from Lexington and Harrodsburg were sent to guard the court in Harlan court house during the trial of the outlaws engaged in the Turner-Howard vendetta. The place of the fight is remote from telegraph station.

Fortified Against the Law.

The particulars as well as can learned at this hour are as follows: Capt. Gaither, who is the commanding officer, was informed that a party of lawless men, some of whom had been indicted for various offenses, were fortified against the law at the above-mentioned locality, and had refused to surrender to the civil authorities. He was asked for a detail of his men to go out with some of the civil officers for the purpose of arresting them, and he at once sent sixteen privates in charge of Lieut. Milton, Sergt. Pullian and Corporal Blanton.

Demoralized the Militia.

They left about 5:30 in the afternoon, expecting to find the men they were pursuing in a private house about 600 yards beyond the barn, from which they were fired upon. The attack was not looked for at that point and came so unexpectedly that it demoralized the soldiers for a moment or two, but they soon rallied, surrounded the barn and began firing into it from every direction, when it was thought best to cease action and hold the fort until the reinforcements arrived with more ammunition. It is believed that a severe fight will take place as soon as the additional troops reach the place, for the outlaws are fortified, well armed with Winchester rifles and swear that they will not surrender, and the soldiers are determined and want revenge for those who have been shot down.

A BANKER IN TROUBLE.

He Is Charged with Raising the Amounts of Negotiable Paper.

WEST SALEM, Wis., April 18.—Sheriff Cannon, of Sauk county, arrived at this village and arrested Wyatt H. Graves, president and proprietor of the Farmers' and Merchants' bank, of this place. Graves is charged with issuing checks to the Baraboo Savings bank to the amount of $117 on his own bank when he had no funds there to cash the paper. This is only one of several charges and not the worst. The National Bank of Commerce at Pierre, S. D., has been victimized by Graves to the amount of $275.

Other Charges Made.

Graves is also accused of raising the amounts of negotiable paper passing through his hands. Notes of $20, $30, or $50, were raised by adding a cipher. The paper thus raised was always made payable at Graves' bank, and he relied on having the money to meet the notes when due. His examination will take place at Baraboo, and requisition papers are waiting for him from Dakota.

Passed the Australian Ballot Bill.

COLUMBUS, Ohio, April 18.—The house passed the Mallon Australian ballot system bill by a vote of 68 to 21. It is thought that the senate will concur in this action. Besides the Australian feature, the bill provides for the creation of a non-partisan state board of election, with supervisory powers over non-partisan county boards. Ballots containing the names of all candidates are to be distributed by the county boards, and official ballots only are to be counted by the canvassers. Electors are to be furnished tickets after entering booths prepared for them, where they can mark their tickets unobserved, and without interference.

Great Strike in Austria.

VIENNA, April 18.—Twelve thousand workmen employed in the iron works at Wittkoritz have struck work. The troops were compelled to fire on the riotous miners at Harvin. Several of the strikers were wounded, and one is reported killed. The mine owners at Rokonitz have asked the governor of Prague to send troops to protect their property. The strikers in the Ostrau district made an attack on a sugar factory at Kunzendorf and another party attacked a cellulose factory at Rattman, in both cases compelling the employes to leave. The mines where the strikes prevail belong to the richest men in Austria.

Dressed in Male Attire.

LOUISVILLE, April 18.—Mrs. E. M. Nugent, late of Owensboro, Ky., was arrested here for appearing on the streets dressed in male attire. She told the police judge that she found so much difficulty in maintaining herself with her needle and by writing for Owensboro papers that after she came to this city she decided to dress herself as a man and seek employment as a street car driver or in some capacity, believing that by economy she could save enough in a few years to buy a home. She made the garments herself, and appeared in them for the first time. She is 39 years of age and apparently respectable.

Conflagration in a Canadian Village.

MONTREAL, April 18.—Fire in the village of St. Lamberts at 1:30 o'clock in the morning destroyed two three-story frame buildings owned by Denault & St. Onge, the French school house, five frame cottages belonging to M. Trudeau, and a large double stone house occupied by W. Duckworth, superintendent of the Victoria bridge, and Councillor Betournay. Assistance was asked from Montreal, but before it arrived the fire was under control. The origin of the fire is supposed to have been incendiary. Loss not yet stated; insurance is small.

An Overcharge of Dynamite.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., April 18.—James Keating, contractor, used an overcharge of dynamite in blasting at Tenth street and Baltimore avenue. One huge stone was hurled through the window of a glove store a block distant and struck Josephine Lowe, a saleswoman, inflicting a severe injury. The two-story brick residence of James Burnett, at the scene of the blasting, was badly shattered and will have to be torn down.

Three little people just home from school.
Learning to work and to wash by rule.
"Hark!" cries one as she comes near,
"Mind this rule" she exclaims, "my dear."
"If with dirt (our foe) you'd cope.
Always use
THE SANTA CLAUS SOAP."
ALL GROCERS SELL SANTA CLAUS SOAP
MADE ONLY BY
N. K. FAIRBANK & Co.— CHICAGO.

SCARED BY SKULLS.

Indians Keep Away from Bellingham Bay Because of an Old Stratagem.

One very noticeable peculiarity of the Bellingham Bay cities is the absence of Indians and Chinamen. The former are seldom seen here and the latter never. Why the Indians avoid this place is not known, but some of the siwashes said that the natives held this part of the state in superstition through an event happening during the Indian war about 1866.

It ran thus: One night during the trouble with the savages a certain camp of white settlers were expecting an attack. The whites were informed by a friendly but half witted Indian, who had received small sums of money from the settlers for occasional services he had done them.

The white men, finding that the savages would far outnumber them, resolved to thwart them by stratagem, and this is the way it was accomplished:

The Indians, on their way to attack them, would have to pass through a thickly wooded ravine that lay on the north side of the Noosack river, known as the "Devil's pass." Anticipating the savages' march, the white men concealed themselves in the gorge. They were armed, and carried with them six human skulls belonging to the surgeon of the party.

The whites had resolved to play upon the superstition of the red man, and for that purpose especially had they chosen this dark retreat, of which the Indians had long been timid.

It was 10 o'clock at night (March 11, 1866) when the white settlers reached the dreaded ravine. They hurriedly stationed themselves with their muskets commanding the Indian trail, while four of the party lighted pitch torches and inserted them into the skulls after the "Jack-o'lantern" fashion, thus giving them a most ghastly appearance.

The lighted skulls were stuck up across the path the Indians would have to travel on their way to attack the camp.

The savages came stealing along in large numbers about midnight, and seeing the ghoul like, fire eyed skulls stretching across their very pathway, they took them for human devils and fled in great fright, never pausing until the camping grounds of the Indians were reached.

The whites were saved by stratagem, and the Indians have ever since held a superstitious fear of this section of the country.—Seattle Press.

Hare, the Highwayman.

Hare was the Dick Turpin of his day and an associate of Murrell and Mason, the Mississippi bandits. The principal interest attached to his career was his connection with the alleged plot to kidnap President Madison and deliver him over to Admiral Cockburn, the commander of the British fleet. When, in August, 1814, the British, under Gen. Ross, entered Washington and burned the capitol and most of the public buildings, it was evident that they must have been guided by men who knew the country well.

Hare was a soldier in the American army, and had been released from jail to enlist in the service. In the same company was an Irishman named Farren, who was a British deserter. He sounded Hare as to the possibility of seizing the president and taking him down the Potomac to the English fleet.

Two other men were to be secured and the project carried out. Farren wanted money, and to get it undertook to rob a man on the road near Washington, but his intended victim was a powerful, resolute fellow, and shot Farren, who died the following day. He had always claimed to Hare that he had been offered a thousand pounds for securing the president, and that Gen. Ross was in the scheme.

Hearing of Farren's mishap, Hare got apprehensive that the Irishman had betrayed him, so he stole his captain's horse and escaped to Baltimore. After a reckless career in company with his young brother Louis and a well known criminal named Alexander, he stopped the mail at Havre de Grace and got $18,700 in specie and notes. The entire party were captured in Hunt's clothing store in Baltimore the next day. Alexander and Hare were hanged, and the brother was given a ten year sentence.—Philadelphia Times.

The Curse of Fame.

Poor Dr. Holmes! It is no wonder he wants people to stop trying to write poetry, when, as he says, he has, for the last thirty years, received a volume of poems or a poem, printed or in manuscript, nearly every day. Then he adds, amiably: "Of late I have found it impossible to read critically all the literary productions, in prose and verse, which have heaped themselves on every exposed surface of my library, like snow drifts along the railroad tracks—blocking my literary pathway, so that I can hardly find my daily papers." Can good nature go rather than this? Has the good doctor no energetic friend who will clear his library of these drifts and bundle them all into a bonfire? Think of the conceit, the impertinence and utter want of kindly consideration of the senders!—Pittsburg Bulletin.

How Does Electricity Kill?

An electrician says that just what takes place in the human organism to produce death from an electric current seems to be an unsolved problem. One of the theories sometimes advanced concerning it is that when a being suffers death from electric shock, it is a pure case of internal rupture or explosion from the generation of gas or vapor. In support of this view the way in which telegraph poles are sometimes torn to pieces is referred to. The lightning follows the moist portion of the pole, which is the core or heart; in this case the moisture is vaporized and an explosion occurs. The high resistance produces heat, the heat in turn steam, and the steam an explosion.—New York Telegram.

Bivalves That Weigh 300 Pounds.

The giant clamp is the largest bivalve known. In northern Australia this is considered an edible species and is regularly sought after by the natives. Mr. Denton, of the United States fish commission, has seen clamps containing forty to fifty pounds of meat, and it is a matter of record that individuals weighing 302 pounds have been observed. The giant clamp lies almost concealed in the reefs, just showing the beautiful blue and green of its mantle above the coral. The crushing power of this shell is startling. Mr. Denton thrust a stick as big as a man's leg between the valves of one of them and it was broken short off. A man's foot would be crushed as easily as a pipe stem. The natives have a wholesome dread of stepping unawares into one of these formidable traps. They kill the animal by stabbing it with a long sword and then remove the meat without disturbing the shell, thus saving themselves a vast amount of labor and trouble.—Forest and Stream.

Struck by a Falling Star.

One of the most remarkable accidents recorded in history occurred near Marlborough House, London, England, recently. At about 5 o'clock p. m. a gentleman, a well known public official, was passing from St. James park to Pall Mall, when he suddenly received a violent blow on his right shoulder which caused him great pain and to stumble forward as he walked. He noted a cracking noise at the time, but had not the slightest idea of the cause of the shock he had experienced. Reaching home he disrobed and submitted to a critical examination, but nothing was discovered which in the least accounted for the great pain in both shoulder and arm. A servant sent to brush the gentleman's coat next morning discovered a scorched streak about 11 inches long and an inch wide, extending across the shoulder of the coat and down the back. The mysterious shock was explained; he had been struck by a meteor or falling star.—St. Louis Republic.

Popular Books in Chicago.

The old book seller on Madison street says: "Dickens is always in demand. When a man reads one of Dickens' novels he seems to think that he must read them all. That isn't the case with the demand for Scott and Thackeray. I sell a few of the works of both frequently, but seldom have a call for a full set of either. The favorite in Scott's set is 'Ivanhoe;' the favorite in Thackeray's, 'Pendennis.'"—Chicago Tribune.

Indian Remains Discovered.

Professor F. W. Putnam, of Harvard college, has made some interesting discoveries of Indian remains at Winthrop, Mass. The spot is evidently an old glacial pothole, conical in form, the base being of blue clay and the surface chiefly sand, with a mixture of gravel. After much patient digging the skeleton of a man was uncovered, together with the skeletons of two children, all in an excellent state of preservation. The deaths, in the opinion of Professor Putnam, were undoubtedly caused by the plague, which visited the Massachusetts Indians about 1622 and carried away large numbers of them. With the skeleton of one child were found two pottery vessels, about the size of a modern tea cup, the outer surface being rudely ornamented. There was also a stone pestle, with one end polished. Several other ornaments were found, and Professor Putnam had all of the discoveries carefully photographed before anything had been disturbed, after which the bones and other articles were carefully packed in a box and taken to the rooms of the Society of Natural History.—Philadelphia Ledger.

IT WAS A CLOSE SHAVE.

HID BETWEEN THE SPRINGS OF A BED AND THE MATTRESS.

A Confederate Colonel's Experience in Chicago in '63—He Was Engaged on a Secret Mission and the Soldiers Tracked Him to the House, but Didn't Get Him.

A few years ago I was taking an after dinner smoke in a hotel in Chicago with a gentleman who had been a colonel in the Confederate army.

"I was in Chicago during the war, in 1862 or '63," he said, "and I had a decidedly narrow escape. Do you want to hear a thrilling episode, as the newspapers call it?"

"Certainly."

"Well, I came through the lines—no matter how—on special business, the exact nature of which I don't care to divulge even at this late hour. I had to be cautious in my movements. The Federal authorities were on the lookout for secret emissaries. I came to meet some parties from Canada, and I met them, transacted my business, and went around town for several days enjoying myself.

"One morning I received a note from a lady of my acquaintance, who had a kindly feeling for the south and who was well posted on current movements. She wrote: 'I learned on undoubted authority that you are known to be in Chicago and that they are on the lookout for you. When you get this stay where you are until night and then go to Mrs. X's, —— street, and show her this note and I think you will be all right.'

"'Here's a pretty mess,' I said to myself. However, I determined to weather the gale. I had been through many a big battle, but to get in a tight place like this was calculated to make a man nervous, as I might be arrested as a spy and shot. I wasn't a spy, however, but couldn't prove I wasn't.

"I wasn't molested during the day. I stuck close to my quarters, and changing my clothes and putting on a slouch hat and pulling it down over my eyes, I launched out on the street and pursued my way to the address indicated in the lady's note. The streets were pretty lively with people, and a regiment of soldiers were marching down Lake street to the Illinois Central depot to take a train to the front. I got to the house all right and found the lady to be an old southern friend. An old friend, but a very young and handsome lady, the wife of a very agreeable Chicago gentleman. 'You'll be all right here,' she said, and I thought so, too. She, her husband and I had a very pleasant evening together, and parted for the night in high spirits. I was tired and went to sleep very quickly. Don't know how long I slept, but I was awakened by a thundering knock at my door. I sprang up and found my friend, the master of the household, pale as a ghost, standing in the hall. 'An officer and a guard are at the door and you must hide—I don't know where—or we shall all be ruined.'

"'Go ahead,' I said, 'and let them in. I'll take care of myself and you shan't be compromised.'

"It was a desperately rough situation. Just then my friend's wife came quickly to me and said: 'Come in here; we must do the best we can and adopt heroic means. Get in there and don't breathe or we are lost.'

"She pointed to her bed.

"'Get under the mattress and be still as death, and get air when you can.'

"In an instant I saw her plan. The bed was a large one. The springs were large. I pulled up the mattress, jumped in on the springs and pulled the mattress over me. The lady then returned to her bed and quickly laid down as naturally as you please over me. She wasn't very heavy, but the mattress was, and the springs seemed to have edges cutting into my legs and side.

"Hardly had we disposed ourselves in this unique manner when the lieutenant and his men were admitted to the house. We could hear loud talking as they explored the house from cellar to garret and looked in every closet, ran their bayonets into piles of clothes. At last the door of the room opened. The officer touched his hat and remarked that he couldn't use much ceremony, as the case was urgent. He had been informed and was convinced that Col. —— was in the house, and he meant to have him.

"Mrs. X—— pleaded sickness as an excuse for not rising and aiding in the search, and said: 'Look everywhere, sir, over the house. There's nobody here except myself, my husband and the servants. All the closets and coal bins are at your disposal. We have nothing to conceal.'

"'Oh,' said the officer, "I've heard all that many a time. I shall have to look all through your room, madam."

"He did.

"He looked in each closet; called his men in and made them run their bayonets into the wall to be sure there were no secret closets anywhere. He stooped down, looked under the bed within four feet of me. Jove! but I was in a cold sweat. One movement, one creak of a spring, one sneeze or hard breath would have betrayed me. But after three minutes of suppressed vitality the lieutenant withdrew, muttering: 'This is strange.'

"Still he lingered down stairs; went into the cellar again, into the back yard, tore up boards from the floors, and ran his bayonet into the parlor sofas. At last the gang cleared out thoroughly disgusted. They did their duty certainly and deserved promotion.

"I waited on those infernal springs two hours before I moved. I was afraid they would suddenly come back. But they didn't. The guard was kept around the house until 10 o'clock next morning, and then they withdrew. I spent the day with my friends, borrowed a suit of clothes and a hat from my friend, shaved my mustache off, and at 8 o'clock in the evening, taking leave of my kind protectors, I lighted a cigar, stepped boldly into the street, and before midnight was a good many miles on my way to the Confederacy. That is what I call a pretty close shave."—Letter in Minneapolis Journal.

A Fact

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"I have taken a great deal of medicine, but nothing has done me so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I felt its beneficial effects before I had quite finished one bottle, and I can freely testify that it is the best blood-medicine I know of."—L. W. Ward, Sr., Woodland, Texas.

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St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 537 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J G Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr O Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 451 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 232 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 363 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

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St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Deallanler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T P O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuses, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 3013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Folz, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet 1st Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—E Burns, C R, 4433 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Asheden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 88 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 186 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Leveseau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 226 Sherman st; Frank A Rucera, R S, 556 S Morgan st; Joseph Seits, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church.

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond O Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleason, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 8 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—J Faxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 236 Cleveland av; Joseph P Holden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 233 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Costrell, R S, 670 Larrabee st; J Kovanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Somitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 243 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5534 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heiarichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; M F Mereh, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pick, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Orane, R S, 331 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Nierabach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sangar st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pieroni, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter F Krantz, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J R Daly, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudrean, Jr., F S; M F Bechant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.

County Delegate, J. W. McCarthy, Lemont, Ill.

County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth avenue.

County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.

County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 196 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 610 Thirty-second-st.; Thos. Halpin, V.-P.; J. P. O'Brien, Rec. Sec., 923 Thirty-fifth-st; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 2535 S. Halsted st., 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 3—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 863 S Halsted-st; F. F. Radigan, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2104 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Freil, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; M. Reilly, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 602 Forty-third-st.; John Moore, Fin. Sec.; Mm. Murray, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret, 444 Ogden av.; Rec. Sec., William Madden, 476 W. Fifteenth-st.; Fin. Sec., James E O'Brien, 376 S Morgan st; Treas., Mark Hardin, 432 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P.; J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 96 Emerson av.; V.-P., Dennis Foley; Rec. Sec., John Hoban, 396 W Indiana st; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2962 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kazner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 267 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 61 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Dugan; Treas, James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Heneky; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts, V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 72 Archer av; V.-P., C A Reedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 3831 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queally's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1209 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—Pres. William J. Dougherty, 47th st. and Centre av.; V.-P., J. McGeoghegan; Rec. Sec., Thomas Baker, 4714 Loomis st.; Fin. Sec., James Doherty; Treas., Patrick Grace. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. John McHenna, 5229 Wentworth av; V.-P. J F Doheny; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4425 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 267 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1911 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1086 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3109 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Biren; Rec. Sec., Charles P. Holbrook, 3539 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

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ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E

NATIONAL OFFICERS.

Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

Laurence Kelly, National Delegate, High st., Yonkers, N. Y.

Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.

John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

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M. Cramer, 60 Saltingstall av, New Haven, Conn.

John L. Cunningham, 2300 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.

Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N. J.

Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.

John Patton, No. 1 Freeman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.

Rich. Powers, 2617 Dashiel st, Chicago, Ill.

John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.

J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.

Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.

Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.

J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.

T. F. Thornton, 3010 Third av, Birmingham, Ala.

Dan'l Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.

William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.

P. M. Lunday, 2333 Union av, St. Pueblo.

P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.

Thos. Noonan, 88 E Seventh st., St. Paul, Minn.

John W. Conoly, Lonaconing, Maryland.

Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West Virginia.

P. J. Walsh, 19 Spring st, Portland, Me.

Patrick Cleary, Escanaba, Mich.

Thomas Banks, Co. Secretary, 204 Mott st, New York city, Agent for New York.

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Cork River Steamers.

An arrangement has been entered between Sir John Arnott and the Cork, Blackrock & Passage Railway Company by which the latter take over the Cork river steamers, for the purchase of which Sir John Arnott's tender was recently accepted by the shareholders on the winding up of the company, he having generously tendered £800 in order that the steamers may be retained for the benefit of the citizens. Sir John Arnott has written to the Cork papers stating that the £800 would under the circumstances be devoted to the establishment of science and art scholarships in the city.

"CROOK AND CUSTER" says a military correspondent, "live again in the pages of 'War Path and Bivouac.'"

On April 3 Miss Charlotte G. O'Brien was received into the Catholic church. The ceremony took place at Foynes, in the county Limerick. Miss O Brien was baptised by Very Rev J. Mulqueen, P.P, V.F., Shanagolden assisted by the Rev.R. O'Kennedy, C.C., Patrickswell, the sponsors being Mr. Aubrey DeVere and Mrs. O'Connor. Miss O Brien has always taken a warm interest in matters affecting Ireland, and was the originator of the Female Emigrants' home at Queenstown, which was maintained there for several years.

Mr. John O'Hart, of Kilkee, county Clare (but late of Ringsend, Dublin), has on the recommendation of the Right Honorable W. H. Smith, M P, First Lord of the Treasury, been granted by her Majesty £100 from the Royal Bounty Fund in recognition of his labors in the field of ancient Irish literature, of which his "Irish Pedigrees" and "Irish Landed Gentry When Cromwell came to Ireland" are the valuable outcome.

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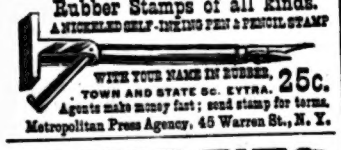

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ROOT'S PURGATIVE PILLS cure all Blood Diseases. Constipation and Biliousness.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

ESTATE OF JOHN GRIFFIN, DEBTOR. The undersigned hereby gives notice that John Griffin, of Chicago, in the County of Cook, and State of Illinois, did, on the 4th day of March A. D. 1890, transfer to the undersigned, as assignee, all his property, real and personal, for the benefit of his creditors, according to the provisions of the act concerning assignments.

All persons having claims against the said John Griffin are hereby notified to present such claims, under oath or affirmation, to me, at Room 6 81 Clark street, Chicago, in said county, within three months from this date. PATRICK GARRETT, Assignee.

Dated March 19, 1890.

M. E. Ames, Attorney, Room 6 81 Clark-st.

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Good Scrubbing Lye, per can	5 cents
Scrub Brushes, all prices and kinds	
Stove Brushes, each	7 cents
A large package of Stove Polish for	3 cents
A good Carpet Broom for	15 cents
Persian Insect Powder, per lb	25 cents
Insect Powder Guns, each	5 cents
A good Clothes Line for	10 cents
12 Clothes Pins for	1 cent
A Whitewash Brush for	4 cents
Wood handle Curling Irons, each	10 cents
Large Flesh Forks, each	3 cents
Fancy Decorated Mugs, each	3 cents
Tea Steepers, 1 pint, each	5 cents
Tea Steepers, 1 quart, each	6 cents

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16 lbs Granulated Sugar for	$1.00	Jersey Butter Crackers, per lb	7 cts
A 2-lb can Blackberries for	5 cts	XXX Milk Crackers, per lb	6 cts
A 2-lb can Blueberries for	5 cts	XXX Lemon Creams, per lb	7 cts
A gallon can of Blueberries for	15 cts	XXX Ginger Snaps, per lb	7 cts
A 3-lb can Asparagus for	10 cts	"McGinty's," per lb	9 cts
Cairn's Scotch Marmalade, per jar	10 cts	Ginger Cakes, per lb	8 cts
Medicated Tar Soap, per cake	3 cts	Cracknells, "The Finest," per lb	13 cts
XXX Oyster Crackers, per lb	5 cts	Oat Meal Crackers, per lb	7 cts
Oval Butter Crackers, per lb	5 cts	Assorted Jumbles, per lb	9 cts
India Tea Crackers, per lb	5 cts	Fancy Lemon Crackers, per lb	9 cts
Ohio Cream Crackers, per lb	6 cts	Stage Plank, per lb	9 cts

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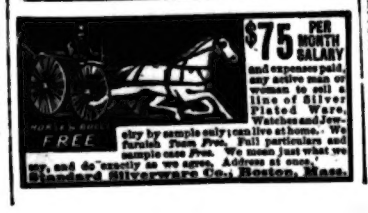

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McARDLE & WHEELOCK, ATTORNEYS.

ESTATE OF ELIZA CONNOR, ALIAS ELIZA O Connor, deceased.—All persons having claims against the estate of Eliza Connor, alias Eliza O Connor, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of June, A. D. 1890, being the 16th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, April 23, 1890.

ROSE CONNOR, Executrix.

McArdle & Wheelock, Attorneys, 85 Dearborn-st., Chicago.

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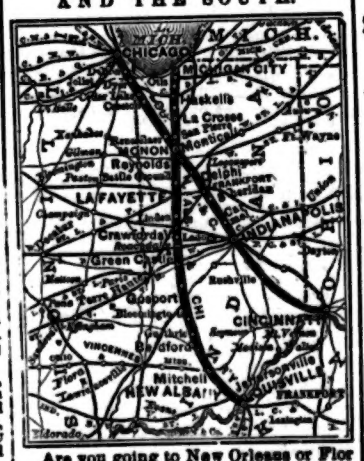

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